THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

MAY, 1813.

MEMOIR OF MRS. EDWIN.

MRS. EDWIN (as celebrated in her *fort* as the Cibbers, the Woffingtons, and the Clives, of former times) is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richards, whose professional abilities secured them a considerable portion of public approbation, while acting in Crow-street theatre, under the management of Messrs. Ryder and Crawford. Mrs. Richards was in Dublin the original representative of Nancy, in Mr. Sheridan's musical farce of the Camp, and of Bridget, in the Chapter of Accidents. In the last year of Mr. Crawford's management, Miss Richards, the subject of our memoir, then only six years of age, made her *début* upon the stage, for the benefit of her mother, in the character of the Romp; and, in consequence of the able manner with which she acquitted herself in this character, the manager immediately engaged her to perform a certain number of nights; during which, she played the *Fine Lady* in *Lethe*, the *Virgin Unmasked*, *Prince Arthur*, and a part written expressly for her by Mr. O'Keefe, in his farce of the Female Club.

From her style of playing the character of Priscilla Tomboy, it was afterwards occasionally made into an interlude upon her account. Miss Wallis, the present Mrs. Campbell, then also a child, performed against her at Mr. Daly's theatre; but Miss Richards, as a singer, had the advantage over her rival. Young as our heroine was, she proved the object of persecution; for, whenever her benefit was announced, Mr. Daly advertised the Belles' Stratagem, then a fashionable comedy, it being the first season it was represented, at Smock Alley; declaring it to be *positively* the last night of its being played that season. The benefit was two or three times postponed, and each time the *last* night of the above play was opposed against it; the consequence of which was, that the *child*, or rather her *parents*, had no benefit, being at last obliged to decline it. When Miss Richards had, however, performed her stipulated number of nights with uncommon success, her parents very wisely withdrew her from the stage (as they perceived that her health became in a degree impaired from her public exertions, at those tender years), that time might strengthen, and education improve, those rare faculties of expression, which had blazoned so powerfully even before the judgement could ascertain the limits of propriety. The next nine years were therefore judiciously applied to preparations for public applause, and not to the search after it; and, at the still early age of fifteen, she appeared on the York boards, in genteel comedy. Even at such a juvenile period, she took the lead among the dramatic heroines of the provincial drama; and having greatly improved in talent, she quitted York for Richmond in Surrey; where she became acquainted with her future husband, Mr. John Edwin, a favorite comedian of the Bath theatre, and son of the celebrated John Edwin, of comic memory; and, about the year 1792, they were married.

The celebrity that this young lady had already acquired,

procured an offer of a very handsome nature from the late Earl of Barrymore, who was then exhibiting private theatricals at Wargrave, in Berkshire, in a style of unprecedented magnificence: here she reigned sole mistress of the first *casts* of comedy and farce.

After visiting Dublin, during the last season of the private theatre, where Mr. Jones first saw her, she removed to Cheltenham: here her merit gained her the patronage of her Royal Highness the Duchess of York. She then entered into a contract with the Bath managers, and gained the admiration of the most respectable inhabitants of that polite city; of whom she became the deserved favorite. It was during Mrs. Edwin's engagement at Bath that she began to be highly admired for her just portraiture of the *haut ton;* and it was in consequence of her being so loudly praised by the Irish nobility in that respect, that Mr. Jones, the manager of the Dublin Theatre, whose gentlemanly and liberal conduct towards her ought never to be forgotten, was induced to offer her an engagement upon liberal terms, which Mrs. Edwin accepted; and, on her introduction to the boards of Crow-street theatre, the classical audience of that capital had an opportunity of seeing the refinements of society reflected on themselves by a most faithful mirror.

It was during her engagement at the Crow-street theatre, that she lost her husband; to whose memory she paid every tribute of duty and attachment. He fell a victim to the excess of his own feelings, at the early age of 33. After yielding to the first impressions of sorrow for his decease, Mrs. Edwin resumed her public duties, and having soon after attracted the notice of Mr. Sheridan, jun. it is said, that his recommendation paved the way to an engagement at Drury-lane, not only at a handsome salary, but, we understand, under the very flattering stipulation that she should fill the first parts of comedy, with a reserve on her part of *refusing* any character

which she felt *unsuited* to her *powers*, or *contrary to her inclinations*. On her arrival in London, the Lyceum, in consequence of the unfortunate destruction of Drury-Lane theatre, was the scene of action; and there she appeared, on Saturday the 14th of October, in the character of widow Cheerly, in the Soldier's Daughter; in which she not only received a degree of applause which she has fully justified, but had also the good fortune of acquiring the good will of the literary critics of the day. Mr. Knight, now so deservedly a favorite at the same theatre, made his appearance on the same evening.

Mrs. Edwin has continued to appear in a wide range of characters, such as Lady Teazle, Bizarre, Violante, Angela, and Beatrice; in this latter part, she received the warm and generous eulogium of Mrs. Jordan, who possesses too much liberality to be jealous of such a competitor. Sensible, however, as we are of the merits of Mrs. Edwin, it would be a libel upon her fair fame to say that Mrs. Edwin has nothing to learn: with all her skill, she is at times deficient in the minutiæ of acting. In some characters, Mrs. Edwin labours hard to produce an effect which her elegance, simplicity, and beauty, must secure, without the toilsome efforts of deep aspiration, and of action overcharged.

By endeavouring to accomplish too much, she impairs the genuine effect of her native powers. Her *Fanny*, in the *Clandestine Marriage*, and her Charlotte, in the Hypocrite, are alone proofs that she diminishes excellence by overacted exertion; but such are her personal attractions, that we may say with the poet—

> If to her share some trivial errors fall,
> Look in her face, and you'll forget them all.

C.

THE GOSSIPER.

NO. XXIII.

"Those who set out for happiness, in the married state, are most likely to find it when they have lived single till the age of FANCY is over. Those who marry while it lasts, are often disappointed of that which they propose so largely to themselves, while those who wed for convenience, and deal with *tolerable* honesty by each other, are at a greater certainty. Hence arises consolation to old maidens, and cautions against precipitation."

Vide SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

MR. GOSSIPER,

I WAS pondering the other evening upon the causes and consequences of celibacy among the female sex, until my head became so confused, and my eyes so drowsy, that, leaning my cheek upon my hand, I fell into a profound slumber, and was gratified with the following vision:—Methought that I was conveyed to an island under the dominion of the Paphian queen, in which the roads leading to a temple dedicated to 'Marriage,' were nearly choaked up with passengers. My curiosity being much excited, I enquired of a person next me the cause of all this bustle and eagerness to proceed. "You must, indeed, be a stranger in these parts," said my informer, "not to know that Hymen sits this day in judgement upon some antiquated virgins, whom Charon has just ferried over from the opposite shore; we are, therefore, anxious to know whether they are to participate in our delights, or to be consigned to Hades for disgrace or punishment.—Follow me; and I will conduct you to the hall of audience." I readily accepted his invitation; and, on entering a

saloon, beheld, upon a throne, the God of Marriage; and on his right and left were arranged several females, whose conduct, in their mortal state, was the subject of enquiry. Silence being proclaimed, Truth touched the first culprit with his wand, who began her confession in these words: "My name is Grace Gaylove; my parents were rich and noble. I was flattered by the male sex, and envied by my own. I was the life of every company I visited, and had more suitors than any girl of my years. At various periods of my life I had many good offers of marriage, which, from the love of sovereignty, I disregarded, forgetting that every passing day robbed me of some beauty or attraction; till, in the end, my admirers marrying girls young enough to be my daughters, Death took me from the world, at the age of 70, and sent me here for judgement."

Having finished her story, a jury of bewitching damsels found her guilty of contumacy to the God of Love, and Hymen condemned her to revisit mortality, and to witness, for the space of five years, the total decay of those charms, which, in the desire of conquest, she had suffered to fade away in single blessedness.

The next female that was placed at the bar was one who evidently laboured under some embarrassment. Her name was Camilla. "I have only," said she, "to thank myself for the contempt which I but too acutely experience. At the age of twenty I fell in love with Henry, a young soldier of courage and enterprize, but of no fortune. Looking to riches as the source of happiness in the married state, and certain of his affection, I amused myself, notwithstanding the reproaches of my friends, with fallacious hopes for ten years, in the expectation that he would acquire wealth by his profession. During that period he greatly distinguished himself, and obtained preferment, but not treasure. Another ten years passed away in like manner, he thirsting for glory, and I for equipage and show. But discovering, in the end, that I was go-

verned solely by motives of interest, and that my passion was fixed more upon his purse than his person, he suddenly withdrew himself, making me fully sensible of the cause, and gave his hand to a daughter of his Colonel, who was smitten by the elegance of his deportment, and his military achievements. To this I have only to add, that the torments of remorse, at having, by my avarice, lost so worthy a man, in a few years after broke my heart." Here Hymen, justly irritated at her meanness and duplicity, sent her away, and condemned her to the embraces of a decrepit miser, during the whole period of her new existence.

The next who appeared at the bar was Floretta. She candidly declared, that she had encouraged the addresses of a young man of the purest morality, and of unexceptionable manners, to whom she vowed the most ardent affection; but having a fortune at her own disposal, she was prevailed upon by her aunt to encourage the attentions of another. This person, she added, was the Mayor's son of the borough in which she lived, who, just as their nuptials were about to be celebrated, left her for a lady possessing a large estate in the neighbourhood; and that the grief and disappointment she experienced, combined with the reproaches she met with for having, by her own fickleness, occasioned the death of her first lover, caused her to take a place in Charon's boat, and to be brought here for trial. For an offence so heinous as inconstancy, Hymen, with a suitable admonition, ordered her to return, and to be linked for ten years to a jealous and tyrannical husband.

The lovely Almeria next presented herself. All eyes were struck with her appearance, and all hearts seemed to feel an interest in her fate. "Alas!" she cried, "I was the only daughter of a clergyman, who, dying, left me no other fortune, than to be the inheritor of his good name. He, however, gave me a finished education; conceiving that my beauty and mental attainments could not fail rendering me the happy wife of some sensible and

respectable man. But on entering the world," said the interesting creature, blushing with diffidence, "How grievous was my disappointment! I was courted by the libertine, scorned by the wealthy, sneered at by the ignorant among my own sex, and insulted by the worthless of the other; till, alternately flattered and rejected by numerous suitors, whose principles I despised, I fell a victim to my own sensibility, at the age of forty; and I here bow submissively, dread ladies, to your decrees."—Hymen, perceiving that she had led a life of celibacy more by the depravity of mankind than by choice, in pity to the delicacy of her feelings, and the insults she had endured, conveyed her to the care of Resignation, to be conducted to the land of Happiness.

Several damsels now pressed forward for judgement, charmed with the prospect of enjoying a similar destiny; but the clamour was so loud for precedence, that they awoke me from my reverie; and, instead of being in the land of the Paphian goddess, I found myself seated by my parlour fire.

C.

CONVERSION

Produced by GELLERT, *the German Poet.*

As the works of Gellert, with the exception of his Fables, are but little known in this country, and the particulars of his life still less so, we shall make no apology for laying the following circumstance, so honourable to his humanity, before our readers.

Some time after his return to Leipsick, he formed an acquaintance with a young man, who inherited from his parents great mental and bodily infirmity. He was one of those men who had not a bad heart; but the love of pleasure and dissipation had staggered his

belief, and led him into irregularities, that equally destroyed his fortune and his fame. Attacked from his childhood with a malady that was deemed incurable, every thing failed him: he had no peace of mind, no consolation, nor the means of procuring any relief; even the hope of convalescency, that hope which is alone able to support the enemies of religion under affliction, and give them the composure that is necessary for the cure of the body, was lost to his imagination: impatience and despair aggravated the calamities of this thoughtless being: the most frightful oaths continually fell from his lips; there was no imprecation that he did not utter against himself, nor blasphemy that he did not vomit against his Maker. Gellert, moved with compassion at the excruciating torments of this young man, and to a still greater degree affected at his vehemence and impiety, conceived the idea of being able to render him some relief. With this view, he first endeavoured to gain his confidence, to convince him of the interest that he took in his welfare, and the compassion that his bodily suffering had excited; for he would have spurned at him, had he spoken of religion, and of his salvation. He appeared then to be solely occupied by his disease, and the methods to ensure his recovery. He assisted him with money, as far as his circumstances would admit, with the utmost delicacy; and interesting his friends in his favour, procured him all the assistance and the comforts necessary to the tranquillity of his mind, and to put him in a state of reflection. Though his disorder was violent in the extreme, he was continually with him; ever striving to sooth, to divert him, and to allay his pains, and in a particular manner to evince that tenderness and compassion so consolatory to the afflicted, and which the eyes of Gellert so forcibly expressed. In a little time the heart of the sufferer began to soften; he became less ferocious; and, from respect to a friend so compassionate and benevolent, he restrained the excess of his rage, and the impetuosity of his impatience. This

sensibility to the friendship of a man so amiable and beneficent as the Professor, insensibly produced those nobler and more sublime sensations which Gellert was anxious to inspire. The patient, returning in a measure to himself, began to reflect; from reflection he passed to repentance; from repentance to the sincerest efforts to moderate his despair, to curb the violence of his temper, and to abstain fr m those horrid imprecations that had become habitual. In the end, he not only permitted, but desired his friend to admonish him, whenever he was in danger of forgetting himself by the poignancy of his sufferings. By pursuing this conduct, his inquietude in regard to a future state, and of finding grace in the eyes of his Maker, became every day more ardent. Until this moment he had always treated the ministers of the gospel with irreverence; he now requested to be instructed and consoled by their persuasions. He resigned himself with renewed composure to the will of God, and his patience seemed to increase with his afflictions. Though his disorder was fatal, he lived much longer than might have been imagined; and sometimes he found himself so much comforted in mind and body, that he appeared to entertain hopes of his recovery. Gellert, whose feelings it is impossible to describe, felt the purest satisfaction at seeing the conversion he had wrought become every day more perfect. He never left him but when his other duties rendered it indispensable, and devoted himself incessantly to confirm in him a sense of his unworthiness, and of horror for his past offences. The repentant sufferer now approached his end: one day, when Gellert was alone with him, after their accustomed prayers, the patient became suddenly weakened, seized the hand of his friend and benefactor, thanked him for all his kindness, recommended his soul to Heaven, and expired. Gellert, greatly affected at a death so sudden and serene, could scarcely believe what he beheld, and called for assistance; but finding that all further interference on his part was useless,

he retired full of emotion, and impressed with joy and gratitude at having been the instrument, through the blessing of God, in contributing to the salvation of an immortal spirit. B.

SECOND LOVE;

A TALE.

(Continued from page 126.)

Days, weeks, and months, now succeeded each other in that pleasing delusion which is caused by a reciprocity of ideas, without either party caring to ask each other how long this joyful period might last. Don Talavera had gained an entire footing in the house of Donna Ursula, who, relying upon the honor of her guest, as the intimate friend of her nephew, and occupied with her breviary, left them to the free enjoyment of their happiness; the happiness of a few days, to be repaid, alas! by years of repentance. But it was not her breviary, nor her confessor, that solely engaged the mind of Donna Ursula; more worldly speculations were harboured in her bosom. It was her most anxious wish that Don Cignola, her nephew, should be allied to Almeira Ruiz, of Seville; but vain at times are the wishes, fruitless the plans of human wisdom; Don Cignola had cast his eyes on the lovely Camilla Ordonnez, and neither the wishes of his relatives, nor the poverty of his mistress, could dissuade him from the pursuit. It is probable, from the affection that the aunt of Seraphina bore to her nephew, that she would have excused many objections to Camilla as a daughter-in-law; but the religion of Camilla Ordonnez

presented an insuperable obstacle; she was a heretic, and allied to a protestant family. Constancy in the religion of his ancestors was not the characteristic of Don Talavera; the cruel and tyrannical proceedings of the Inquisition, added to the licentious conduct of some of the religious orders he had associated with, had awakened in the mind of Torsedillas the most painful sensations; it induced him to become the staunch friend of Camilla Ordonnez, which gained him the confidence of the brother of Seraphina. From motives, therefore, of love and friendship, Don Torsedillas de Talavera entered into all the schemes of his friend: he imprecated even the vengeance of the holy fathers, who had piously interfered to stop the union of Cignola with the family of Ordonnez; he secretly conveyed letters; but while he was, as he thought, ensuring the gratitude of the fond couple, he was undermining his own happiness. True it is, the timid Seraphina would often expostulate with her half catholic, half protestant lover; but she adored her brother with almost religious veneration, and consulting his felicity, and perhaps some feeble wishes for her own, she was urged to acquiesce in his views. He was also a rigid Catholic; and she presumed, that as soon as Donna Cignola became his affianced wife, that a conversion to the holy faith would ensue, which would be followed by a reconciliation between all parties. But Seraphina had spun a golden-web, which was soon to be broken. Donna Ursula's suspicions were at first excited by her nephew's long and continued absence from the family of Ruiz; in which she was confirmed by some imprudent hints thrown out by Don Torsedillas, with whom she never cordially agreed. Glorying in all the superstitions of the court of Rome, it was not to be supposed that he who professed to believe all its mysteries would become converted by a stripling. Don Talavera ought to have known, that even religious prejudices are not to be ridiculed; he was moreover frequently wanting in that respect, which he knew Donna Ursula demanded;

he therefore made himself an enemy, where his interest should have told him he might have gained a friend. He should have recollected, that his mistress was left entirely dependant upon this very aunt, which would have restrained his imprudence; but vain of the candour he affected to boast of, he made at length no scruple to affirm, that to Camilla Ordonnez, and the nephew of Donna Ursula, his interest should be entirely directed. Donna Ursula began now to be sensible of the serpent that she had nourished in her house; but since he had dared to avow such sentiments, she was prepared to guard against his cunning; and here for a time was the tempest stayed. It is true, that the lady and Don Talavera met occasionally; but their conversation was contradictory, and Donna Ursula knew not in what terms to vent her indignation, on hearing that Torsedillas doubted the efficacy of the doctrine of transubstantiation, and declared himself a proselyte to the reformed religion. Argument frequently turned to invective; assertions were advanced for proofs; and the unfortunate Camilla Ordonnez was deemed the source of all this dissention. In the mean time, Don Talavera, irritated at reproaches that were directed against a female friend, who had been dear to him in his youth, could not refrain from uttering what his wounded feelings suggested, and the tender Seraphina, unable to stop the torrent of their abuse, who too forcibly conceived the effects of this controversy, was frequently obliged to retire, and deplore them in silence.

It is not that I have cause to regret the confession which has escaped my lips, dearest Talavera, said Seraphina, concealing her tears, as she met her lover in an olive grove; or that I love thee with less affection; but, ah! my friend, thinkest thou that I do not perceive in marrying thee that I shall draw down upon me the hatred of a relation whom I ought to respect, and the indignation of that church whose doctrines I have sworn to obey. Ah! my foreboding heart! would to heaven, Don

Talavera, that we had never met; for something tells me, fate is about to draw a veil over our destiny, and we are not to be happy. Suspicion and doubt torment my mind. Leave those fears to me, beloved Seraphina, said Talavera. Am I not blessed with affluence? Is not your brother grateful for the services I have rendered him? He shall be indebted to me for the hand of Ordonnez; I know how Camilla loves him; read this letter. Camilla is not a woman of mere profession; attend to her words; "for your exertions, dear Talavera, accept at present only empty thanks; I know your love for the amiable Seraphina; and yet, generous as you are, you have for my sake sustained the indignation of one who has it too much in her power to injure you; you can, therefore, have no motive for this, but your friendship for me; and can you then think me ungrateful? my Cignola is sensible of your goodness; he loves you for it; and such disinterestedness as yours shall be rewarded. You know his influence over his sister; that power, he says, shall be exerted in your favour."

Seraphina, thus consoled, dispersed her tears; her face was dressed in smiles. She left him for the vesper service; where she prayed that God would make him a good Catholic, and terminate every thing to their felicity.

This sentiment, however pleasing, was but to Seraphina like a gleam of sunshine after a vernal shower: on her return to the chamber of her aunt, she was compelled to endure her reproof, and her attacks on the character of Don Torsedillas de Talavera, whom she now vehemently accused of deliberately plotting her disgrace; but, apostate as he is to the Holy Church, charmed as he has been from his duty by this witchery of your brother, he may yet have to dread my vengeance. Holy Virgin! she exclaimed, punish this heretic with a severity worthy of his crime. May curses————Oh! curse him not, exclaimed Seraphina, bursting into tears; for his father's sake,

whom once you said you loved,—for my sake———Ah! Seraphina, darest thou plead; sooner would I see thy limbs distorted by the torture of our Inquisition than hear thee plead for a heretic.

(To be continued.)

ON SELF-LOVE.

" Whate'er th' Almighty's subsequent command,
" His first command is this:—' Man, love thyself.' "

There is scarcely any subject which has not employed the pen of the essayist, and I am fully sensible, that the present topic has been treated of by abler writers than myself. As an apology, however, for undertaking so hacknied a theme, I beg leave to premise that I have never yet seen it pointed out in the same light as it is here discussed.

Self-Love is generally considered as the basis of wickedness, disgraceful to man, and implanted in his disposition by the arch fiend to wean him from the love of his Maker, and chain his desires within the bounds of sensual delights and mortality; yet, that self-preservation is the first law of nature is allowed by all; and what is self-preservation, but Self-Love unencompassed by difficulty? What is that impulse which bids us defend ourselves in, or flee from peril, but Self-Love, roused into action by surrounding danger. This passion is rendered innate by the Author of our being. Are we not commanded to love our neighbour as ourselves? From the moment that reason begins to dawn, almost every action of our lives is instigated by this passion. This sentiment may render the reader incredulous; but patience, and I will explain. Let us begin with the true Christian. What is it induces him to regulate

his life and actions by the precepts of his divine Master? The love of that Master, certainly. Yet is he not aware that if he fulfills the duties of his station, if he regulates his passions, and proves himself in heart and soul a Christian, that during his life time he shall consequently experience the pleasures of an unclouded conscience, and when he dies, meet the due reward of his well spent life. Does he not know, that if he acts contrary to this, he shall suffer the punishment of his misdeeds? What then is it which bids him tread the righteous path? Self-Love. But the soldier, I hear him exclaim, What! Can Self-Love agree with my character? none but cowards can love their own existence. Yes, noble captain; you, who have braved the enemy of your country, and waded up to the knees in blood and carnage, are actuated by Self-Love. What induced you to enter this dangerous line of existence? Was it necessity? Then Self-Love was gratified. Was it choice? The same passion is consulted. What is it which supports you in the battle, when in a moment you may be plunged into eternity? Is it not the hope of renown? There again is Self-Love. Here is my friend Walter; he was once rich; but misfortunes overwhelmed him, and his friends forsook him; his wife lately died of the small-pox, his two boys followed her, and he is left alone to procure a scanty livelihood by the sweat of his brow. What is it that has wrested the pistol of the suicide from his grasp? What is it which prevents him from plunging into eternity, with that precious maxim in his mouth which has accompanied hundreds into the presence of an offended deity,

> I'll boldly venture on the world unknown;
> It cannot use me worse than this has done?

The tie which bound him to life. He knew that suicide was one of the worst of sins, and he also knew what would be the punishment of such a measure; Self-Love was therefore his preserver.

Thus Self-Love, instead of being the cause of sin, and ingratitude to the Almighty, is instilled into our nature by our Maker himself. It is only when carried to excess, that this passion becomes degrading to mankind; and when it does arrive at that excess; it causes the misguided wretch to prefer the sensual pleasures of the present moment to the delights of a clear conscience, and the unknown pleasures of eternity.

Self-Love never forsakes us, except when despair lays its cold hand upon us.

> O Britain! infamous for suicide,
> In ambient waves hide thy polluted head;
> Wash the dire stain, nor shock the continent.

Behold the wretch bending beneath the weight of his misfortunes; he looks backward; happy days are for ever past; he turns his thoughts to what must now be his portion; poverty, disgrace, infamy, disease, await his longer continuance in a land of sorrows; he seizes the dire instrument of destruction; every tie which binds him to life is broken; his Self-Love forsakes him; once more he meditates,

> "And then he flies the field."

This despondency of mind attends the total absence of this passion; then it is that man becomes degraded. Thus have I endeavoured to shew the necessity of Self-Love, which, like all our passions, is useful whilst restrained within proper limits, but only disgraceful when allowed to burst the bounds of reason.

R. PORTER.

ON COURAGE.

Courage is one of those qualities which cannot be acquired by principles and rules. Reflection cannot make men brave.

REFLEXIONS ON LIFE AND MANNERS.

BY COUNT OXENSTIERN.

ON TIME.

TIME being the road to eternity, what attention should we not pay to the use of it, since we can never exercise it but once? The employment of every moment is therefore of the utmost consequence. It is said, that a man who knows how to manage his money, is a prudent person; that another who knows how to manage the favour of his master, is a man of sense; that a man who knows how to manage his friends, is a man of discretion; but no one bestows that epithet on him who knows how to manage his time, although this knowledge is of the last importance. All other trifles, even if we were to lose them, may eventually be recovered; but time lost, is lost past recal. Time is a great good, but of short duration. It resembles the bird of paradise, which naturalists will not allow to have legs, because it never rests: to catch it, it must be shot flying, otherwise it escapes. Time introduces mortals into eternity, and it is by its testimony that we are to be judged.

The Italians say, "*Che ha tempo, ha vista;*" which is true; for time is the sovereign remedy for most worldly affairs. It softens hatred, slackens persecution, and even after, saves the life of the criminal. It is related, that Mahomet, King of Granada, kept his brother several years in prison, on account of an insurrection that he had excited. Some time after, Mahomet being on his deathbed, sent, according to the custom of those barbarians, an officer to the prison, to bring him the head of his brother, from an apprehension that, after his death, he

would usurp the crown, to the prejudice of his son. The ambassador of death, on arriving at the castle, situate about two leagues from Granada, where this unfortunate prince was a prisoner, found him playing at chess; and after having shewn him the warrant for his death, prepared to execute his mission. The unhappy prince made use of the most affecting persuasions to obtain of the executioner a respite of two hours; but finding him inexorable on that point, he begged for as much time as was necessary to finish the game. This being granted him, we may easily suppose he was not in a hurry to bring it to a close; and thus obtained sufficient time to see the people from Granada arrive with the news of the king's death, and his own accession to the throne; so that this short space of time opened the gates of his prison, snatched him from the hand of death, and bestowed on him the splendour of a crown.

ON HUMAN LIFE.

THERE are but two roads to travel through this world; the agreeable and the useful. The first is trodden by persons who seek only their own pleasure, and give themselves up to the imaginary delights of life; the second is frequented by the wise, who desire only that which is solid, even in the affairs of the world.

The road of pleasure is of a fascinating appearance, planted on both sides with trees, which bear fruit of the most exquisite beauty; but on tasting them, like the apples of Sodom, we find they are full of ashes. Advancing a little farther, we remark fountains, which, instead of water, pour forth the most exquisite wines. We behold, on both sides of the road, large meadows, covered with the choicest flowers; but their fragrance overpowers us: we see these charming landscapes, bordered by little

hills, on which we discover magnificent palaces, with groves of orange and other rare trees. In these palaces there is nothing but laughing and singing: in some we perceive large tables, covered with the most delicious viands; in others, enchanting females, who receive the passengers with open arms. Here are delightful concerts of music; there they dance, or play: in one place are theatres, and various entertainments; in another, splendid equipages, and costly attire. In short, the traveller, his mind entirely occupied with these trifles, pursues his journey, without perceiving that three fourths of his life are passed since he entered into the road; until, on a sudden, he begins to feel a certain lassitude, from the length of the way he has gone, and which leads him across a frightful desart, to a little thatched cabin; at the door of which he perceives an old man, of a dreary aspect, thin and meagre, whose eyes sunk into his head, and black hair, mixed with grey, hanging about his shoulders, put him into a most horrible fright. He, however, asks the name of this place, and the appellation of the old man. To which the old surly fellow replies, "This is the country of tears and repentance, and my name is Misery. I am placed here, by command of Heaven, to receive and harbour all the travellers who come by the road of pleasure." The stranger, in consternation at this answer, enquires if there is no other place in the vicinity where he can rest himself? "Oh, yes," replies Misery; "about ten paces hence dwells my neighbour, Despair; but I must inform you, that, of all those who preferred going to him, to remaining with me, the first who went has not yet returned. It is, therefore, either with him or with me, that the career of pleasure, which you have chosen, must terminate.

As for the road of Utility, it is more difficult to pursue. The traveller enters; begins his journey by climbing over very sharp mountains; in this painful labour he must employ his youth. A thousand times must he endanger his neck, before he can attain the highest summit, by the fre-

quent precipices that occur on the road. His only companions are Labour and Trouble, who entertain him with the delights and advantages of Perseverance, seeking, from time to time, the assistance of Hope, who comforts him by the persuasion, that the remainder of the road is but short. His own desires attest the sincerity of Hope; and thus fortified by the charm of these flattering promises, he advances to the top of the frightful eminence; from whence he discovers a most beautiful plain, and in the midst of it a large palace, of delightful structure, in a most enchanting situation. He enquires the name of this stately edifice, and of its owner. He is told, that it is called Comfort, and its owner Repose. He is rejoiced exceedingly at this information, and hastens to enter, in order to refresh and rest himself, after all the trouble and fatigue he experienced on the road. The master of the place assigns him an apartment agreeably to his wishes, and Hope tells him,—"You are now fixed for the remainder of your days." The anxious traveller feels extremely rejoiced, and begins already, in his own mind, to contemplate the means of rendering himself possessor of the whole palace. He forms projects, is disquieted, and becomes discontented with the apartment which is allotted to him in this charming abode; when, on a sudden, he sees Death come in, who, with a terrible countenance, beckons him to follow. At first he endeavours to resist, and complains bitterly that Fate should so soon compel him to quit a place of tranquillity, which had cost him so much trouble and labour to attain. But Death, ever inexorable, seizes on him without mercy, and throws him into a pit six feet deep; where, covered with earth, he becomes food for worms, and finds no other recompense for his exertions, but a few words engraven on marble, informing posterity, that such an one lived as a wise man, according to the acceptation of wisdom, in the opinion of the world!

ANECDOTE OF CHARLES V.

THE study of heraldry is considered so dry and uninteresting, that few persons turn their attention to it: it will, however, be found not only a pleasant, but a rational amusement; inasmuch as it is the symbol of heroic actions, and great achievements. It displays the feats that distinguished our ancestors, and recalls to memory, in a very forcible and authentic manner, the splendour and dignity of former times. But not to enter into a tedious disquisition on the subject, we shall present our readers with the following droll incident, that gave rise to the assumption of the *Cobler's Arms*, in Flanders.

Charles V. in his intervals of relaxation, would sometimes retire to Brussels. Being a prince who was curious to know the sentiments of his meanest subjects, concerning himself and his administration, he would often go about *incog.* and mix with such companies, and enter into such conversations, as he thought most proper to afford him the information he wanted. One evening his boot happened to require immediate mending, he was directed to a cobler. Unfortunately for Charles, it was St. Crispin's day; and, therefore, instead of finding the cobler inclined to work, he found him making merry with his friends and acquaintance. The emperor informed him of what he wanted, and offered to pay him well for his trouble. The votary of St. Crispin answered, that, were it the emperor himself, no cobler would work for him on the day of their patron saint; and asked him to join with his friends in the participation of the feast he had made in honour of St. Crispin. The invitation was too suitable to Charles's scheme to be refused; he accepted it. During the course of the evening, the cobler told him, he was certain he must be some politician, from his contemplative manners; a

courtier, perhaps; or even some relation of the emperor's, from his great likeness to Charles; but, added the merry man, let him be who, or what he would, he was heartily welcome. "What! my friend," said the emperor, "do you then love Charles V.?" "Love him? certainly;" rejoined the cobler; "but I should, I fancy, like him much more, if he would tax us much less:—but what the deuce have we to do talking politics, when we should be making merry?" The cobler then passed a few jokes on the features of the emperor, &c. Charles soon after took his leave, thanking the man for his good cheer; who told him, he was heartily welcome to that, but that he would not have worked on that day, to the dishonour of St. Crispin, no, not even for Charles himself. The emperor returned home, much pleased with the loyalty, hospitality, and humour of his host, for whom he sent, the next morning, to court. The poor man was much surprised to find what had happened, and trembled for his life, on account of the jokes he had passed on his guest; the emperor, however, again thanked him, and told him, he was so much pleased with his hospitality, that he would grant him whatever he thought proper to request, and gave him until the next morning to consider what it should be. On the ensuing day, he desired, that, for the future, the coblers of Flanders might bear for their arms, a boot, with the emperor's crown upon it. This request Charles directly granted; but told him, he was at liberty, on account of its simplicity, to make another. He then declared he had no greater wish, than that the company of coblers might take place of the shoemakers, which the emperor likewise agreed to.

In this anecdote, we scarcely know which most to admire, the affability of the sovereign, or the moderation of the subject.

ANECDOTES

OF DISTINGUISHED FEMALES.

NO. II.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

In the life of Cardinal Laurea, written by the Abbé de Pignerol, it is observed, that in the will of Mary, Queen of Scots, which she wrote with her own hand the day before she was beheaded, "She expressed her zeal for the Catholic religion, and provided, that if the prince, her son, did not renounce the false and heretical persuasion which he had imbibed, the inheritance of the Crown of England should never descend to him, but should devolve to Philip, King of Spain."

THE COUNTESS DE ARANDA.

This lady was remarkable for the pertinacity with which she adhered to her promises. In an ingenious work that she published on the dignity of nobility, she remarks, "that a man of rank ought never to pledge his word, unless he is certain that he can command what is required of him; and even when he can do so, he ought to have the object in possession before he makes a promise of it. He ought to be as tenacious of offering his services as circumspect in confiding in the offers of others; inasmuch as affected, or excessive compliments always proceed from men who are deceitful, or have been deceived; and generally speaking, those who suffer themselves to be imposed upon by flattery, do not fail paying others in the same coin."

MADAME BOUQUET.

It is pleasing to record events that reflect honour upon human nature. This generous and tender female fell a victim to her humanity during the excesses of the French Revolution. Living in the neighbourhood of Bordeaux, she made her house the asylum of the deputies of *La Gironde.* Proscribed and fugitive, these unfortunate persons knew for a time no place of safety, for a sanguinary decree had at that period made hospitality a criminal act. The deputy, Gaudet, sensible of the heroic virtues of his relation, Madame Bouquet, repaired to her dwelling, taking with him his friend *Salles.* A few days after, other deputies arrived; among whom were Buzot and Péthion. "*Qu'ils viennent tous,*" exclaimed Madame Bouquet, "*Je ne crains que pour eux, et non pour moi.*" Provisions being extremely scarce, they had some difficulty in procuring the means of subsistence; one pound of bread only being the portion allotted to her. To administer to their comforts, she submitted to the greatest privations. In this manner a month passed away; she repeatedly saying "*Que m'importe mon danger? N'ai-je pas assez vécu, si je parviens à vous sauver?* This desire, so truly noble, was not, however, accomplished. The Deputies were compelled to quit their retreat, and soon after perished. In a little time, Madame Bouquet was herself taken before the Revolutionary Tribunal, with the father of Gaudet. Conducted to the scaffold, she, in her last moments, gloried in the offence of which she had been accused, and met her death with the fortitude of a Martyr.

LADY ELEANOR DAVIES.

This lady, who lived in the time of James I. rendered herself conspicuous by pretending to possess a prophetic spirit. Having spoken something respecting the death

of the Duke of Buckingham, which circumstances in a measure verified, she obtained among ignorant people the reputation of a *Cunning Woman.* This so wrought upon her mind, that she fancied, says Dr. Heylin, in his Life of Archbishop Laud, the spirit of the Prophet Daniel to have been infused into her body; and this she grounded on an *Anagram* which she made of her name, viz. ELEANOR DAVIES.—REVEAL O DANIEL. Much pains was taken by the ecclesiastical court to dispossess her of this spirit; but all would not do; until Lamb, then Dean of the Arches, shot her through and through by an arrow, borrowed from her own quiver; for whilst the Bishops and Divines were reasoning the point with her out of Holy Scriptures, he took a pen into his hand; and at last hit upon this excellent *Anagram.* DAME ELEANOR DAVIES.—NEVER SO MAD A LADY; which having proved to be true by the rules of art, Madam, said he, I see you build much on *Anagrams;* and I have found one which I hope will fit you. This said, and reading it aloud, he put it into her hands in writing; which happy fancy brought that grave court into such a laughter, and the poor woman thereupon into such confusion, that afterwards she grew either wiser, or was less regarded. Notwithstanding this triumph of the Dean, and the severe censure she received from the court, there are writers who speak highly in her commendation. "Certain it is," observes the continuator of Baker's Chronicle, that in divers instances her predictions proved undoubtedly true: in the most flourishing condition of the nation, she foretold its unparalleled troubles; and in the depth of those troubles, she foretold the happy restoration to peace and settlement; and in every one she long before prefixed the time of their accomplishment."

ABOULIANA.

This lady, the daughter of an intelligent Arab, was no less eminent for wit than beauty. Her father being in

indigent circumstances, was accustomed daily to visit the Vizier, in order to solicit an employ; but as he always returned without obtaining the least favour, Abouliana dissuaded him from pursuing so unprofitable a proceeding, by repeating to him the following apothegm of an Arabian poet, relative to the worship of idols. "Forbear to serve an object that has neither hearing, nor sight; and from which you will never derive the least advantage." A salutary lesson to those who waste their time in fruitless attendance upon the great.

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HUMOUROUS REQUEST.

In the *Ménagerie* at Versailles, in the time of Louis XV. there was a very fine Dromedary, who, being brought from a climate infinitely hotter than ours, became in a very languid condition. To revive the heat of his body, which was nearly extinguished, the keeper was ordered to give the animal daily four bottles of wine, with a certain quantity of bread. Those orders he executed with the most scrupulous attention, but to no purpose; for the creature wasted away gradually, and the general debility of his members indicated his approaching death. On this occasion, the honest fellow approached the king, and solicited of his Majesty some recompense for the extraordinary care that he had taken of the dying animal. Well! what is it you wish? said the king. Sire, replied the Swiss, if it meets your Majesty's pleasure, I only desire the *reversion* of what was given to the Dromedary. The King, it is said, laughed heartily at the *naïveté* of his request, and appointed him to the *survivorship* he required.

MATILDA FORRESTER;

OR,

THE EXEMPLARY DAUGHTER.

(Concluded from page 201.)

It was about a fortnight after the nuptials had taken place between Matilda Forrester and Alexander Hardie, that I visited at the house of the latter, in company with my father: he was his particular friend; and, notwithstanding my heart was prejudiced against him, I saw nothing in his demeanour that could at all corroborate what I had heard. His manners were mild, although his exterior was rough. I joined them one day from the garden, when he was concluding a discourse with my father, which ended in these words: "Mrs. Hardie is subject to a dejection of spirits,—will you suffer your son to pass the vacation with us? You know how business occupies my time; his society will amuse her." To this request my father readily consented; and, pleased with the prospect of novelty, I set out for the residence of Mr. Hardie, at B——. When he introduced me to his wife, never shall I forget the impression she made upon my mind; it was the first of the kind I had yet experienced. I was just relieved from a college life; young, enthusiastic, and warmed with all the romantic notions which poetry and chivalry inspire. Matilda presented to me an idea of angelic worthiness, which my books had only sketched. Her form was, indeed, elegant; her countenance, fine and expressive, was softened by misfortune. Her eyes and hair were of the darkest hue, and her hand and arm of the most dazzling whiteness, and the finest proportion:

consumption was, notwithstanding, preying upon her frame; yet this even rendered her more interesting. Oh! how I pitied her! When she spoke or smiled, she appeared so celestial a being, that, young as I was, I often fancied I was talking to a divinity: She seemed already in heaven, while I was treated by her with that affability, that unsuspiciousness of wrong, that might have ruined my peace for ever. Hardie, engaged when at B——— in the alterations of his house, submitted every thing to our taste and judgement; we were, in short, constantly together. In walking round the pleasure-ground, debility would frequently oblige her to lean on my arm; and when I was of service to her, I was but too happy. What youth could have been insensible to such an interesting female? I was not; when a circumstance occurred, which opened my eyes, and informed me I was about to fall into a precipice. I was one day reading some quotations from Pope to her, when she burst into tears, and left the room. I related this incident to my father, who had arrived to hasten my return to Cambridge, and who, I presume, was struck with the impropriety of suffering me to remain any longer in such fascinating society. I left B——— on the following morning, with the regrets of Matilda, and a certain vacancy in my mind, that distrest me, I knew not why. Soon after Forrester had caused his daughter to be led a victim to the altar, he lost his wife; this was a severe stroke to Matilda. Of her lover she had not dared to inquire; but a paragraph which met her sight added another pang to her sensibility; it was couched thus:—"Last week, a gentleman of the name of Laudon put a period to his existence, by shooting himself through the head with a pistol. He had long been subject to fits of dejection; and it is supposed, that a disappointment in a love-affair was the cause of this rash act." There were not wanting officious persons, who blamed her for marrying as she did; but the feeling of conscious rectitude prevented this additional stab to her peace. Females,

educated in the duties of domestic life, and of religion, have little to irritate their minds; they are as a gentle stream, which a pebble only ruffles for a moment, when it returns to its former placidity; but man, impatient man, renders himself more miserable by opposing the arrows of disappointment, which only goad him by a futile resistance. Laudon became a woeful picture of human nature. At one time he plunged headlong into a dissipation, which he flattered himself would make him forget his unhappy fate; the next week would find him lamenting his errors, with all the bitterness of sorrow. His letters were returned, his remonstrances were all in vain; and while she was pleading for him at the throne of Mercy, he was deprecating on her head vengeance for her cruelty; but did any one join him in these, he poured on them the most indignant terms; till at length, his patrimony wasted, and his health impaired, he perpetrated an action, at the idea of which he would once have shuddered.

I heard, that, soon after this melancholy affair, Matilda became a mother; and if any circumstance be capable of rousing the dormant faculties which grief has benumbed, I presume this is one. The consciousness that she had saved her father's life, who now pressed the little stranger to his heart, with the joy of her husband, caused a gleam of pleasure to visit her bosom; but, as if Heaven had thought that she had been too long absent from kindred angels, her illness returned; and, before her child could repay her for all the anxieties she had suffered, she was snatched away to that place where grief is no more, and sorrow is not known.

The correspondence between her and Laudon was found after her death. The letters were sealed up, with a note, directed to her husband, in these words:—"Should I die before my dear Hardie, he will be convinced, when he reads these papers, that all the returns of a grateful wife were his; that she left for him one to whom she was affianced, whom she once adored; but she appeals to

heaven for the purity of her motives, and conjures her husband to defend her memory from undeserved reproach."

In a leaf of a pocket-book were these words, in her own hand-writing:—"L. died.—Gracious God of Heaven, pity me, and pardon him!" This was followed by a declaration of her innocence, and a prayer for his crime. She concludes thus:—"Let no one say that they cannot sacrifice themselves for a parent's happiness: I have done it; and though I have drunk of the cup of bitterness to the very dregs, I have still felt such pleasurable emotions from this act of duty, that I would not exchange them for all the joys I might have tasted, in following the bent of my own desires. May my conduct be an example to others, and impress upon the minds of the inexperienced, that no virtue is too difficult to practise, no passion too difficult to conquer, when a happy immortality is the object and reward."

JOHN.

ACT OF COURTESY.

THE Prince de Rohan, while Governor of St. Domingo, walking one day with an officer of his staff, was saluted by a negro as they passed him; upon which the prince took off his hat. "What!" said the officer, "does your Highness bow to a negro?" "Why not?" returned the prince, "Do you wish me to be less polite than he is?"

LIBERALITY.

LIBERALITY is a virtue, so long as reason is its guide; but it becomes folly, when it leaves it to go by itself.

CHARLES EDMUNDS;

OR, THE FREETHINKER;

A NOVEL,

BY R. PORTER.

(*Continued from page* 126.)

CHAP. II.

It may not be improper to give some account of the young gentlemen so abruptly introduced. Mr. Edmunds was the second son of Sir William Edmunds, who died at the age of sixty, leaving his sons a fortune of five thousand a year. The eldest succeeded to the title; and Mr. Edmunds, the youngest brother, quitted the place of his nativity, to engage, for a time, in the pleasures of fashionable life. Satiated with the luxuries of the metropolis, at the age of thirty he repaired to a country seat in Sussex, with an amiable wife, untainted by the levity of the gay world, to enjoy peace and comfort in retirement. He was blest with two sons, William and Charles; but, alas! it is not the lot of man to experience unclouded happiness; the birth of the latter caused the death of his mother; and Mr. Edmunds found himself a widower a few years after he led his wife to the altar. At a very early age, Charles was sent to a public school; and, as the two young gentlemen made but small progress when together, a tutor was provided, to superintend the education of William, at home. At the academy, Charles soon became a proficient in the classics, &c.; but religious instruction, as is but too frequently the case, was neglected. Charles, then, as he grew up, had but weak notions of religion; and, averse to all kinds of study,

never reflected upon it but with dread. William, on the contrary, was under the tuition of a man, who made piety and morality his rule in life. Acquainted with all the necessary parts of education, he rendered his pupil a scholar, at the same time, by easy and familiar exertions, that he trained his youthful mind to a proper sense of every social and moral duty. Under the eye of his parent and his master, William, therefore, grew up in every virtue that adorns human nature, and appeared likely to prove an useful member of society. When Charles had reached the age of nineteen, his father received a letter from his wife's brother, in town, with an invitation for his younger son to spend the following winter in London. William had already seen the metropolis; and as Mr. Edmunds thought it was now Charles's turn, he willingly gave his consent. The gaieties of London were far from agreeable to William, and he had paid a very short visit to his uncle the preceding year; but Charles expected to receive great pleasure in the elegance of the company he should see at Mr. Melville's. His thoughts already pictured to him a thousand gratifications that he should enjoy, of which, as yet, he had scarcely an idea; and when he threw himself into the coach which was to take him to town, he did not experience an uneasy sensation.

William was now two-and-twenty, and, at the time that his brother set out for London, had gained his father's consent to his marriage with a young lady, the daughter of a neighbour, an honest country 'squire. Following Charles through all his future errors and crimes, to his final punishment and disgrace, sincerely hoping that his example may warn others from pursuing so fatal a career, we shall premise, that, on the next day to that on which he left his father's mansion, he reached the house of his uncle, in ——— street. Mr. Melville received him in the kindest manner; and, taking him by the hand, introduced him to his aunt and cousin. Edward Melville

was handsome, and such an air of affability was stamped upon his countenance, that Charles met his advances with eagerness, and the two young gentlemen soon commenced the closest friendship. Charles found himself quite at home in the house of his uncle; Edward was all he could wish, Mrs. Melville an agreeable woman, and his uncle, for a man of his years, unusually merry and good-humoured. Young Melville, however, was a libertine, in every sense of the word; and Charles, in a short time, fell a prey to those temptations and examples, which, a year before, his brother had the resolution to avoid. Nay, so enchanted was he with the company to which Edward introduced him, that he soon became as debauched, dissipated, and atheistical, as the worst of his associates.

The vicious course which Charles now rapidly followed, would, by the absorption of his property, have shortly brought his irregularities to a close, had not an accident intervened, which gave a new turn to his affairs. One night he accompanied his friend Melville to a noted gaming-house, where fortune frowned upon him more than usual; bet after bet was staked, and lost; and when they rose from the table, they found themselves losers a considerable amount. Incensed at his ill-luck, Charles darted an angry look at his antagonist; then, turning to Melville, said, loud enough for the stranger to hear, "I really wonder that the master of the house should allow such swindlers to enter his doors; I've seen that fellow, I think, before; his very appearance is suspicious." With fury sparkling in his eyes, the stranger desired him to explain himself: this was refused. A tumult succeeded, which ended in an exchange of cards, and Charles and Edward left the house; the former vowing vengeance on his antagonist, and swearing to seek his blood. Instead of the supposed swindler, Charles was soon given to understand, that he had quarrelled with Lord C——e, a young nobleman of honour, and great connexions; and, should his lordship

happen to fall in the encounter, that his friends would be indefatigable in avenging his death. Notwithstanding these considerations, upon Melville offering to accompany him to the field, Charles instantly dispatched a note to Lord C——e, desiring him to meet him the following morning, with his second, in the Park, and to bring pistols with him. The parties assembled at the appointed hour, and, proceeding to a spot chosen by the seconds, his lordship fired first, without effect; upon which, Charles snapped his pistol, and Lord C. fell, apparently lifeless, into the arms of his second. Nothing now remained for Charles and his companion, but to seek security in flight; and leaping upon their horses, which had brought them to the scene of action, they repaired to a place of safety, with the utmost speed.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTE OF CHARLES XII.

A SERVANT of the French ambassador, at the court of Sweden, waiting the arrival of the Prime Minister, was asked by a strange person, dressed like a common soldier, what was the object of his attendance? The servant, somewhat indignant at the enquiry, refused to satisfy his curiosity. A little time after, some noblemen saluted the stranger, who was really the King himself, under the title of your *Majesty*. The domestic, all surprise and anxiety, threw himself at the feet of the King, and implored the monarch's pardon for his inconsiderateness, adding, that he had taken his Majesty for a *Man*. "In that respect, you have not been deceived," replied the sovereign, with much complacency; "for nothing resembles a *Man* more than a *King*."

THE CRITIC.

NO. I.

THE versification of the Ode has frequently been the subject of controversy. Some are convinced, that, without irregularity, it is impossible to sustain the fire of lyric poetry; some consider rhyme as a worthless relic of barbarity, and a degrading shackle to impede the flights of genius. A certain degree of irregularity in the measures may sometimes, indeed, be necessary, to keep up the spirit of the ode. Different, and even opposite emotions, are often to be found in the same composition; in such a case, it is certainly allowable to vary the versification; but surely the measure should not alter, unless there is a material change in the sense. It should be remembered, that, in the ode, there is a peculiar necessity for harmony. This poem, in its infancy, was always accompanied by music; and, as the practice is not yet entirely discontinued, its fitness for this accompaniment ought to be the test of its versification. To perceive in how great a degree irregularity infringes upon harmony, it is only necessary to read an ode of Cowley, or even some of the highly-admired Pindarics of Gray.

Let those who maintain that rhyme is useless, hear, without prejudice, Milton's translation of an ode of Horace, or the lyric blank verse of Collins, and they will readily confess, that something is wanting to supply a defect in the melody. It is absurd to set before us the examples of the Greeks and Romans, when we have found by experience, that it is impossible to imitate them. The difference between their languages and ours has been often pointed out. Their syllables were distinguished by

different quantities, which made their versification as harmonious in reading, as if it were set to music; our only means for promoting harmony, independent of rhyme, is the accent; this makes little or no difference in the time of pronunciation, and consequently falls far short of the ancient method. Our accentuation does, indeed, produce a good degree of melody, where the verse is sufficiently long, as in epic and dramatic poetry; but the short lines of an ode are so soon hurried over, that little harmony arises from the recurrence of the same measure, without the recurrence of the same sound.

That rhyme and regularity are very light fetters to genius, and that they are not always fatal to good poetry, we have abundant examples to prove. Pope could better express his thoughts in regular verse than in prose. We have witnessed the success of Milton, Grey, and Warton, who are amongst the best of our lyric poets.

Let us impartially review Warton's Ode on the Approach of Summer, and we shall discern, that the fire of a poetic imagination blazes throughout the whole.

He begins with a few irregular lines, in compliance with the example of Milton, whom he imitates in this poem.

Hence, iron-scepter'd Winter, haste
To bleak Siberian waste!
Haste to thy polar solitude;
'Mid cataracts of ice,
Whose torrents dumb are stretch'd in fragments rude
From many an airy precipice,
Where, ever beat by sleety showers,
The gloomy Gothic castle towers;
Amid whose howling aisles and halls,
Where no gay sunbeam paints the walls,
On ebon throne thou lov'st to shroud
Thy brows in many a murky cloud.

E'en now, before the vernal heat,
Sullen I see thy train retreat:

Thy ruthless host stern Eurus guides,
That on a rav'nous tiger rides,
Dim-figur'd on whose robe are shown
Shipwrecks and villages o'erthrown:
Grim Auster, dripping all with dew,
In mantle clad of watchet hue:
And Cold, like Zemblan savage seen,
Still threat'ning with his arrows keen;
And next, in furry coat embost
With icicles, his brother Frost.

This passage is highly poetical. The habitation of Winter is very finely imagined. Every thing is characteristical; it is bleak, solitary, tempestuous, and dark. The "cataract of ice" is a sublime object, and we shall not find it too hyperbolical, when we recollect, that the sea is frozen, notwithstanding its violent agitation. The personification of Eurus is grand and appropriate. But Frost is clothed in fur certainly without any regard to propriety; for the coat is only a defence against its own weapons, and, of course, a needless incumbrance. Auster might as well have been represented with an umbrella.

The invocation to Summer, and the description of her attendants, are closely imitated from L'Allegro and Il Penseroso.

I am obliged to make short extracts, otherwise I should be tempted to transcribe all of the Evening walk. But as every one can refer to the poem, I am content to take only a few lines, however imperfect the idea they can give of the whole.

—— Through the dusk but dimly seen,
Sweet evening objects intervene:
His wattled cotes the shepherd plants,
Beneath her elm the milk-maid chants,
The woodman, speeding home, awhile
Rests him at a shady stile, &c.

Nor wants there note of Philomel,
Nor sound of distant-tinkling bell;

Nor lowings faint of herds remote,
Nor mastiff's bark from bosom'd cot;
Rustle the breezes lightly borne
O'er deep-embattled ears of corn:
Round ancient elm, with humming noise,
Full loud the chaffer-swarms rejoice.

Every object here is calculated to infuse into the mind of the beholder a tranquil placidity well according with the serene stillness of a summer-evening. The shepherd and his flock retiring for the night,—the milk-maid singing after her labour, and particularly the woodman, connect themselves with the most pleasing sensations. Every one will recognise the lively pleasure which is felt on finding a shady resting-place after a sultry and fatiguing day. In the next passage, the nightingale, the distant tinkling, and the faint lowings, take away from the scene that sadness which would have arisen from universal quiet, by suggesting the ideas of life, and the occupations of men. The

—"Mastiff's bark from bosom'd cot."

is exceedingly beautiful. This line comprehends a whole description. The barking immediately gives the mind an impression of security within. The epithet, "bosom'd," applied to the cottage, expresses the delightfulness of the situation; not to mention, that the sight of a cottage alone always stamps upon the fancy the images of innocence and peace. The light rustling of the breezes, and the humming of the insects, give a kind of gentle animation to the objects, which is very agreeable. The epithet "embattled," is, perhaps, objectionable; for, though it very well marks the appearance of a corn-field, yet it introduces a tumultuous picture, at variance with the general tenor of the description. The appearance of the country when the sun has returned after a shower, is beautifully represented, but the passage is too long for me to insert.

After another beautiful extract, I will lay down my pen for this month.

—— When mild morn in saffron stole
First issues from her eastern goal,
Let not my due feet fail to climb
Some breezy summit's brow sublime,
Whence Nature's universal face
Illumin'd smiles with new-born grace;
The misty streams that wind below
With silver-sparkling lustre glow;
The groves and castled cliffs appear
Invested all in radiance clear;
O! every village charm beneath!
The smoke that mounts in azure wreath!
O beauteous rural interchange!
The simple spire, and elmy grange!
Content, indulging blissful hours,
Whistles o'er the fragrant flowers;
And cattle rous'd to pasture new,
Shake jocund from their sides the dew.

It is needless to enlarge on the excellencies of this description. Every thing is natural, and every thing is animated. I think the personification of Content rather diminishes than heightens the beauty of the passage; for the mind is called away from the contemplation of many delightful realities, to look upon an imaginary being, from which no very exquisite pleasure is derived. May I venture to suppose, that a peasant whistling over the flowers would have been a more pleasing object. Then we should have seen content embodied in one of our own species, and should have felt a kind of sympathetic joy.

This poem is evidently an imitation of Milton, but it is not servile; and, indeed, it is difficult to say whether the copy or the original should be preferred.

R.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MUSEUM.

SIR,

Public curiosity being much excited by the arrival of a Don Cossack in this country, I am induced to send you a brief particular of a race of men who have so pre-eminently distinguished themselves during the present contest between Russia and France; and from whose perseverance and bravery in aid of that patriotic spirit which now becomes manifest upon the continent, the most beneficial effects are likely to result.

It is extracted from a short Account of Russia, written in the year 1710, by Charles Lord Whitworth, who was Ambassador to the Court of Petersburgh.

The Cossacks are distinguished into three sorts, known by the places where they first settled themselves; but are all of the same nation, language, religion, and form of government. They were originally Polish peasants, formed into a militia under their own officers and discipline, and placed in the fruitful plains of the Ukraine, to secure the frontiers of the commonwealth against the Tartars. After some years they increased prodigiously in number and riches, and could no longer bear the indignities of the Polish nobility, who affected to treat them as their slaves on all occasions; this usage was the rise of several bloody wars, with different success.

In one of the first, the Cossacks being worsted, several of them, rather than submit to the yoke, removed from the Ukraine to the unfrequented banks of the Don, or Tanais, where they begun a new plantation. In the year 1637, another detachment on the same occasion resolved to seek their fortune as far as the Caspian sea, but in their passage were persuaded, by their old countrymen on the Don, to stop short and join in an attempt against Asoph, which they took the same year, and kept till

1642, when the Turks, approaching with a great army, and the Muscovites refusing them timely succours, they burnt the place, and fixed the seat of their little commonwealth at Circasky, a town on an island in the Don. Some time after they put themselves under the protection of the Muscovites; and had lately thirty-nine towns on that river, from Rybna to Asoph, most of them on the north-east side: the country is generally without trees, but fruitful to a wonder in grass, flowers, sweet herbs, wild asparagus, &c. They sow very little corn, that being only the employment of their slaves; nor do they eat much bread, roots, or herbs; their chief diet being fish, flesh, and fruits; their riches consist in cattle, horses, dromedaries and camels; in their houses and clothes, they are generally neater than the Muscovites; the religion is after the Greek, or Eastern church; they have very few tradesmen, or artificers; arms are their employment and delight, which in time of peace they exercise by parties against their constant enemies, the Calmuck, Cuban, and Crim Tartars, and in time of open war against the Turks on the Palus Mæotis. Their government is a sort of military democracy; their chief Hetman, or Colonel over all, keeps his residence at Cercasky: he is elected in a general meeting of the captains and civil officers of the nation, but is confirmed by the Czar, and then his employment lasts for life, which he often loses on an unfortunate expedition, or other tumult. Every town is like a little commonwealth, and has its own Hetman, or Captain, chosen yearly, who has the care of all business civil and military, and in the field acts as captain of his own community. They are left in possession of their old laws and customs, pay the Czar no tribute, furnish no recruits, and are only bound to appear in arms at their own charge when summoned; but on the contrary, their Captains used to receive yearly presents from his treasury of cloth, money and corn: they have very great privileges; one of the most con-

siderable was the freedom of any peasant, or slave, who being once in the country could not be reclaimed by his master, or the Muscovite government; and on this account vast numbers of deserters sheltered themselves here in the present war, of which the Czar being informed, Prince Dolgoruke was sent four years ago with twelve hundred men to search them out: he found some hundreds; but, not being on his guard, was, in his return, attacked by the Cossacks, and cut to pieces with all his people; this occasioned a general revolt, and employed the Czar about ten thousand men near two years, in which troubles many of their towns were burnt, and no quarter given to man, woman, or child; besides several hundreds who were publicly executed at Veronitz. This has very much dispeopled the country, and made the name of Muscovy odious to the rest. In their most flourishing condition, they might be reckoned at fifteen thousand men fit to bear arms.

The Cossacks of the Ukraine are much more numerous and considerable, their dominions extending several hundred miles between the river Boristhenes, or Neiper, and the Don; in 1654, they, with their Hetman, on ill usage, revolted from Poland, and put themselves under the Czar's protection, giving him up Chioff, Czernishoff, and several other strong towns, as pledges of their fidelity. This country is extremely well peopled, and tilled; their towns are many, all fortified with a dry ditch, earthen wall, and palisadoes; the villages are large, and neatly built with wood; they drive a great trade in hemp, potash, wax, corn, and cattle; they live in much ease and plenty, enjoying the same privileges as those on the Don, which, with their riches, drew upon them the envy of the Muscovite nobility and government, who by degrees made several incroachments on their liberties; and from hence sprung an universal discontent, and the revolt of Mazeppa to the King of Sweden; which being ill managed, the residence town of Bathurin was immediately

taken, and burnt, and above six thousand persons put to the sword, without distinction of age or sex.

The Zaparovian Cossacks are just of the same temper and manner of life with those on the Don; they are so called from the falls in the river Boristhenes, about which they seated themselves chiefly for their greater security and convenience of their incursions against the Turks and Tartars. When the Cossacks of the Ukraine, discouraged by the severe execution at Bathurin, sat still, these openly declared for Mazeppa, and continued firm to him to the last; two or three thousand followed his fortune to Bender, and are still with the King of Sweden; most of the rest were cut to pieces, so that the remains of that name are at present very inconsiderable.

The Cossack now in London is about six feet in stature, his make robust and manly; his features better, and his countenance, though rough and soldier like, more expressive and gentle than the ideas that we generally associate with his nation. His beard, which is long and grey, and appears to have very little art bestowed in the shaping of it, is very formidable, adding much to the power of his eyes, which, though light in colour, beam forth above this grisly hedge with much fire and fierceness. His hair, less grey than his beard, flowing unconfined and unadorned, is combed back over his neck about the length of six inches; on the forehead it is cut short and straight. His dress consists of a blue jacket and loose trowsers of coarse cloth, with shoes very broad and round at the toes, as if to allow free action to the feet, on which he stands remarkably straight and firm, with all the effect attending the front and station of a soldier on parade, but without the stiffness. His hand is remarkably broad in its spread, though his fingers are not long; and he manages his arms, consisting of a pistol, a musket, a sabre, and a long pike, with wonderful address and ease, and carries them without the least appearance of being encumbered by their

weight, or inconvenienced by the length of the musket and pike.

This gallant soldier was sent over here expressly for the purpose of gratifying British curiosity with a sight of one of the best specimens of those warriors who have done so much for the deliverance of Europe. It is stated, that in addition to three Officers, no less than six and thirty French private soldiers (whom he calls the fry) fell under his single arm.

I am, Sir, Your obedient servant,

***.

Fragments of Literature,

NO. II.

ON THE ORIGIN AND NATURE OF CARDS.

ALTHOUGH the sexes, in all ages, have been attached to cards, there are few persons who have any conception that the devices on them have any meaning, but what they tell for in the course of play. A short elucidation, therefore, of an invention, which, when not converted to a pernicious purpose, is productive of much rational and innocent diversion, will, it is presumed, not prove unacceptable to the readers of the Monthly Museum.

About the year, 1390, it is generally believed that playing-cards were invented in France, for the diversion of Charles the Sixth. The inventor, we are told, proposed, by the figures of the four suits, or colours, as the French call them, to represent the four states or classes of men in the kingdom. By the *cœurs* (hearts) are meant the *gens de chœur*, choir men, or ecclesiastics; and, therefore, the Spaniards, who certainly received the use of cards from that ingenious people, have *copas*, or chalices, instead of hearts.

The nobility, or prime military part of the kingdom, are represented by the ends or points of lances, or pikes; and our ignorance of the true meaning or resemblance of the figure, induced us to call them spades. The Spaniards have *espadas* (swords) in lieu of pikes, which is of similar import; and not improbably, as we are fond of copying foreigners, *spade* was an adoption directly from the Spanish *espada*, which, with the game of Ombre, was fashionable at court in the time of Philip and Mary.

By diamonds are designed the order of citizens, merchants, and tradesmen: *carreaux* (square stones, tiles, or the like). The Spaniards have a coin, *dineros*, which answers to it; and the Dutch call the French word *carreaux*, *stieneen*, stones and diamonds, from the form.

Trefle, the trefoil leaf, or clover-grass, (corruptly called clubs), alludes to the husbandmen and peasants. How this suit came to be called clubs, it is difficult to explain; unless, borrowing the game from the Spaniards, who have *bastos* (staves or clubs) instead of the trefoil, we gave the Spanish signification to the French figure, as, for a similar reason, in the other suit, we say *spades*.

The personages exhibited in the history of the four kings, which the French, in drollery, sometimes call the cards, are David, Alexander, Cæsar, and Charles, which names were then, and still are, upon the French cards. These respectable names represent the four celebrated monarchies of the Jews, Greeks, Romans, and Franks, under Charlemagne.

By the queens are intended Argine, Esther, Judith, and Pallas; names retained on French cards, typical of birth, piety, fortitude, and wisdom, the attributes respectively ascribed to each. Argine is an anagram for Regina, Queen by descent.

By the knaves were designed the servants to knights, esquires *(escuyers)*, shield or armour bearers; for *knave* originally meant only servant; and in an old translation of

the Bible, St. Paul is called the knave of Christ. So, in French, valets, or varlets, as they were also called, and pages, were officers, or attendants, formerly allowed only to persons of the first distinction.

Others fancy that the knights themselves were designed by those cards; because Ogier and Lahire, two names on the French cards, were famous knights about the time cards were supposed to be invented: the other two, Lancelot and Hector.

The pack taken together, containing precisely fifty-two cards, equivalent to the number of weeks in a year, aptly enough announces time; and, however dealt out, in its speedy revolution, affords a document, that, even in our pastime, we should be mindful of its transient nature, and brief duration.

The original invention of playing with cards, according to some erudite archæologists, was to exhibit the image of peaceful life, as that of chess, a much more ancient game, was to represent a picture of war; and in confirmation of this hypothesis, they allege, that the four grand divisions, or classes, of civilized society, are emblematically delineated on a pack of cards. Others again, not without reason, considering these allusions to times of peace as the caprices of imagination, refer the invention of cards to a time of war, of which the different suits, they insist, are manifest indications, viz.

The Heart, as being the symbol of courage.

The Spade, representing the offensive weapon on the pike.

The Diamond, the defensive weapon, the shield.

The Trefoil, implying plenty of forage.

Neither are authors perfectly agreed as to the personages represented on the court cards, the era of their existence, or the import of their assigned attributes: even the appellation of court cards was not always in use. The figured cards, king, queen, and knave, were sometimes

called coat-cards, as bearing, perhaps, some resemblance, in their mode of habiliment, to the state coats of the kings or heralds at arms, a remnant of ancient chivalry. Cards, as well as other games, some affirm, derive their origin from the times of chivalry. The kings, queens, and knights, or knaves, say they, all visibly carrying marks of that period. The four colours, they add, represent the four *quadrilles*, or companies formed in a square at the carousals. The queens, or ladies of distinction, are always introduced, on these occasions, with the kings and knights. The knight, in English, knave, was probably the young prince, son to the king and queen; as Chaucer more than once applies the term knave, child, to the son of a sovereign prince. Certain it is, that the name of valet, in the days of chivalry, was an appellation given exclusively to the vassals of great and powerful lords, or to young gentlemen not as yet arrived at the rank of chevaliers.

Hence it may be reasonably conjectured, that the honour of the invention of cards (of which it cannot be denied they bear internal evidence) belongs wholly to the French; from whom, it is easily deducible, they passed through Biscay into Spain. Mr. Breitkopft, on the contrary, a German writer of decided ability, in a quarto volume he published on the gaming cards and the linen paper, a work replete with important erudition, deduces their origin from Egypt, or the Arabs, and from them, he contends, they were borrowed by his countrymen, and introduced into Europe. In the course of our enquiries on this interesting subject, modern voyages have been consulted. But it does not appear that Captain Cooke discovered any traces of cards at Otaheite, or New Zealand; though he mentions their excellence in the drama, and brought home with him some curious specimens of the linen manufacture, of which, undergoing the necessary process, cards might to a certainty have been fabricated.

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REVIEW OF FEMALE LITERATURE.

THE BOOK; *containing the Investigation of the Conduct of the Princess of Wales before Lords Erskine, Spencer, Grenville, and Ellenborough, the four Commissioners of Enquiry appointed by the King in the year* 1806: *prepared for publication by the late Right Honourable Spencer Perceval.* Sherwood, Neely, and Jones. *pp.* 260. Price 10*s.* 6*d.*

IN a miscellany devoted to polite literature, and to the entertainment of the female sex, it would ill become us, in reviewing these important papers, to engage in any political controversy, or to develope scenes revolting to delicacy or morality. The book before us has excited much curiosity, no less from the rank and character of the illustrious personage accused, than the subject matter, involving in it circumstances affecting, had they been proved, the succession of the crown; it therefore demands the most serious attention. We do not, however, scruple to say, that did we not feel it incumbent upon us to omit nothing that might contribute to the gratification of our readers, we should have abstained, for obvious reasons, from entering upon a task which we cannot satisfactorily fulfil. The Investigation is in itself of a nature, situated as we are, that precludes all freedom of discussion; and, had we even the disposition, or the liberty to do so, the limits of our publication would restrain us from any elaborate commentary upon documents so voluminous and contradictory. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with displaying, as clearly and as succinctly as we are able, the substance of proceedings that have interested all classes of the community, and

will long retain a forcible impression on the public mind, without questioning the policy, or the propriety, of the exposition of occurrences that have a tendency to lessen the respect that is due to exalted station, and distinguished birth.

It may not be improper to intimate, by way of introduction, that symptoms of discontent, between the Prince and Princess of Wales, became manifest soon after their marriage; and that, in April, 1796, only three months subsequent to the birth of the Princess Charlotte, the Princess withdrew from Carlton House. Upon the formal separation of the royal pair, the Princess took up her establishment at Montague House, Blackheath: here she lived in retirement from the summer of 1796 until the year 1806, when the circumstance of a secret commission began to transpire, respecting the conduct of her Royal Highness, on the ground of certain alleged declarations from the Princess's own mouth, and partly on the personal information of the informants. Among the most important facts then said to have been stated, was, that her Royal Highness had been pregnant in the year 1802, (four years previous to the inquiry), and then been delivered of a male child; which infant had, ever since that period, been brought up by her Royal Highness, in her own house, and under her immediate inspection.

Statements connected with an accusation of so serious a description being laid before the Prince, with which it had been insinuated that the Duke of Kent had been previously acquainted, his Royal Highness sent for the Duke, and required of him a full detail of such particulars as had reached his knowledge; expressing, at the same time, his surprise that the Duke should so long have concealed from him intelligence so important to his honour and dignity. In compliance with the wishes of the Prince, the Duke waited upon his royal brother, with whose exculpatory declaration we shall begin the subject before us.

Narrative of his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent.

"To introduce the following relation, it is necessary for me to premise, that, on entering the Prince of Wales's bed-room, where our interview took place, my brother, after dismissing his attendants, said to me, that circumstances had come to his knowledge with respect to a transaction with the Princess of Wales, in which he found that *I* had been a party concerned; that if he had not placed the most entire reliance on my attachment to *him*, and, he was pleased to add, on the well-known uprightness of my character and principles, he should certainly have felt himself in no small degree offended at having learnt the facts alluded to from *others*, and *not* in the *first* instance from *me*, which he conceived himself every way entitled to expect, but more especially from that footing of confidence on which he had ever treated me through life; but that being fully satisfied my explanation of the matter would prove that he was not wrong in the opinion he had formed of the honourable motives that had actuated me in observing a silence with regard to *him* upon the subject, he then was anxiously waiting for me to proceed with a narrative, his wish to hear which he was sure he had only to express to ensure my immediate acquiescence with it. The Prince then gave me his hand, assuring me he did not feel the smallest degree of displeasure towards me; and proceeded to introduce the subject upon which he required information. When, feeling it a duty I owed to him, to withhold from his knowledge no part of the circumstances connected with it, that I could bring back to my recollection, I related the facts to him, as nearly as I can remember, in the following words:—

"About a twelvemonth since, or thereabouts (for I cannot speak positively to the exact date), I received a note from the Princess of Wales, by which she requested me to come over to Blackheath, in order to assist her in

arranging a disagreeable matter between her, Sir Sydney Smith, and Sir John and Lady Douglas; the particulars of which she would relate to me, when I should call. I, in consequence, waited upon her, agreeably to her desire, a day or two after, when she commenced the conversation, by telling me, that she supposed I knew she had at one time lived with Lady Douglas on a footing of intimacy, but that she had reason afterwards to repent having made her acquaintance, and was therefore rejoiced when she left Blackheath for Plymouth, as she conceived that circumstances would break off all farther communication between her and that lady. That, however, contrary to her expectation, upon the return of Sir John and her from Plymouth to London, Lady Douglas had called and left her name twice or three times, notwithstanding she must have seen that admission was refused her; that having been confirmed in the opinion she had before had occasion to form of her Ladyship by an anonymous letter she had received, in which she was very strongly cautioned against renewing her acquaintance with her, both as being unworthy of her confidence from the liberties she had allowed herself to take with the Princess's name, and the lightness of her character, she had felt herself obliged, as Lady Douglas would not take the hint that her visits were not wished for, to order Miss Vernon to write her a note, specifically telling her, that they would in future be dispensed with; that the consequence of this had been an application, through one of her ladies, in the joint names of Sir Sydney Smith, Sir John and Lady Douglas, for an audience, to require an explanation of this, which they considered an affront; and that, being determined not to grant it, or to suffer any unpleasant discussion upon the subject, she entreated me to take whatever steps I might judge best to put an end to the matter, and rid her of all further trouble about it. I stated in reply, that I had no knowledge of either Sir John or Lady Douglas, and therefore, could not, in the first instance, address myself to

them, but that I had some acquaintance with Sir Sydney Smith, and if the Princess was not averse to that channel, I would try what I could in that way effect. This being assented to by the Princess, I took my leave; and immediately on my return home wrote a note to Sir Sydney, requesting him to call on me as soon as he conveniently could, as I had some business to speak to him upon.—Sir Sydney, in consequence, called on me (I think) the next day, when I related to him the conversation, as above stated, that I had had with the Princess. After hearing all I had to say, he observed, that the Princess, in stating to me that her prohibition to Lady Douglas to repeat her visits at Blackheath had led to the application for an audience of her Royal Highness, had kept from me the real cause why he, as well as Sir John and Lady Douglas, had made it, as it originated in a most scandalous anonymous letter, of a nature calculated to set on Sir John and him to cut each other's throats, which, from the hand-writing and style, they were both fully convinced, was the production of the Princess herself.—I naturally expressed my sentiments upon such conduct, on the part of the Princess, in terms of the strongest animadversion; but, nevertheless, anxious to avoid the shameful *éclât* which the publication of such a fact to the world must produce; the effect which its coming to the King's knowledge would probably have on his health, from the delicate state of his nerves, and all the additional misunderstandings between his Majesty and the Prince, which I foresaw would inevitably follow, were this fact, which would give the Prince so powerful a handle to express his feelings upon the countenance shewn by the King to the Princess, at a time when I knew him to be severely wounded, by his Majesty's visits to Blackheath, on the one hand, and the reports he had received of the Princess's conduct on the other, to be brought to light, I felt it my bounden duty, as an honest man, to urge all these arguments with Sir Sydney Smith in the most forcible manner

I was master of; adding, also, as a further object, worthy of the most serious consideration, the danger of any appearance of ill blood in the family, at such an eventful crisis, and to press upon his mind the necessity of his using his best endeavours with Sir John Douglas, notwithstanding all the provocation that had been given them, to induce him to let the matter drop, and pursue it no further. Sir Sydney observed to me, that Sir John Douglas was a man whom, when once he had taken a line from a principle of honour, it was very difficult to persuade him to depart from it; however, as he thought that if any man could prevail upon him, he might flatter himself with being the most likely to persuade him, from the weight he had with him, he would immediately try how far he could gain upon him, by making use of those arguments I had brought forward to induce him to drop the matter altogether.—About four or five days after this, Sir Sydney called upon me again, and informed me, that, upon making use with Sir John, of those reasons which I had authorised his stating to be those by which I was actuated in making the request that he would not press the business farther, he had not been able to resist their force; but that the whole extent of promise he had been able to obtain of him, amounted to no more than that *he would, under existing circumstances, remain quiet, if left unmolested*, for that he would not pledge himself not to bring the subject forward *hereafter*, when the same motive might no longer operate to keep him silent. This result I communicated, to the best of my recollection, the following day, to the Princess, who seemed satisfied with it; and from that day to the present one (November 10, 1805), I never have heard the subject named again, in any shape, until called upon by the Prince, to make known to him the circumstances of this transaction, as far as I could bring them to my recollection."

"And now having fulfilled what the Prince wished me to do, to the best of my abilities, in case hereafter any

one by whom a narrative of all the circumstances as related by Sir John and Lady Douglas, of whom I was informed by my brother, *subsequent* to our conversation, should imagine that I knew more of them than I have stated, I hereby spontaneously declare, that what I have written is the whole extent of what I was apprised of; and had the Princess thought proper to inform me of what, in the narrative of the information given by Sir John and Lady Douglas, is alluded to, I should have felt myself obliged to decline all interference in the business, and to have at the same time stated to her, that it would be impossible for me to keep a matter of such importance from the knowledge of the Prince.

(Signed) "EDWARD."

December 27th, 1805.

A true Copy, "B. BLOOMFIELD."

A true Copy, "J. BECKET."

Whitehall, 29th August, 1806.

Having put our readers in possession of the leading features of the Enquiry, and introduced to their notice the primary agents in this dark transaction, Sir John and Lady Douglas, we shall proceed to signify, that the allegations already specified being strengthened with other particulars extremely suspicious, the following Commission was instituted by his Majesty, to investigate the truth of the assertions that had been made to the prejudice of the Princess.

COPY OF HIS MAJESTY'S COMMISSION.

"GEORGE R.

"WHEREAS our right trusty and well beloved Councillor, Thomas Lord Erskine, our Chancellor, has this day laid before us an Abstract of certain written declarations touching the conduct of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, we do hereby authorise, empower,

and direct the said Thomas Lord Erskine, our Chancellor, our right trusty and well beloved Cousin and Councillor George John Earl Spencer, one of our principal Secretaries of State, our right trusty and well beloved Councillor W. Windham, Lord Grenville, First Commissioner of our Treasury, and our right trusty and well beloved Councillor Edward Lord Ellenborough, our Chief Justice, to hold pleas before ourself, to inquire into the truth of the same, and to examine, upon oath, such persons as they shall see fit touching and concerning the same, and to report to us the result of such examination.

"Given at our Castle of Windsor, on 29th May, in the 46th year of our Reign.

"G. R."

Here follow the depositions of Lady and Sir John Douglas, tending to establish the charges of direct criminality and great impropriety of conduct in the Princess, in relation to her intercourse with Sir Sydney Smith, Captain Manby, and Mr. Lawrence the painter, which the evidence of Robert Bidgood, William Cole, Frances Lloyd, and Betty Townley, appear circumstantially to confirm: on the contrary, the testimony of Mary Ann Wilson, Samuel Roberts, Thomas Stikeman, John Siccard, Charlotte Sander, Sophia Austin the mother of the child, Elizabeth Gosdon, Messrs. Edmeads and Mills, surgeons and apothecaries, Sir Francis Milman, Captain Manby, Mr. Lawrence, Mrs. Lisle, Mrs. Fitzgerald, and Lady Willoughby, invalidate, in the most satisfactory manner, the allegations of Lady Douglas and her abettors; and attest, in the strongest terms, the innocence and correct demeanour of her Royal Highness: the whole, however, is such a tissue of disgusting surmises and inconsistencies, and detailed in language so truly indelicate, as to preclude their admission into our pages.

COPY OF A REPORT

Made in 1806, by the four Commissioners appointed by the King; viz. Lord Erskine, Chancellor; Lord Grenville, First Lord of the Treasury; Lord Spencer, Secretary of State; Lord Ellenborough, Chief Justice of the King's Bench; to examine into the conduct of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,

"YOUR Majesty having been graciously pleased by an instrument under your Majesty's Sign Manual, a copy of which is annexed to this Report, to authorise, empower, and direct us to enquire into the truth of certain written declarations touching the conduct of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, an Abstract of which had been laid before your Majesty, and to examine upon oath, such persons as we should see fit, touching and concerning the same, and to report to your Majesty the result of such examinations;—we have, in dutiful obedience to your Majesty's commands, proceeded to examine the several witnesses, the copies of whose depositions we have hereunto annexed; and in further execution of the said commands, we now most respectfully submit to your Majesty the report of these examinations, as it has appeared to us; but we beg leave, at the same time, humbly to refer your Majesty, for more complete information, to the examinations themselves, in order to correct any error of judgment into which we may have unintentionally fallen, with respect to any of this business. On a reference to the above-mentioned declarations, as the necessary foundation of all our proceedings, we found that they consisted in certain statements which had been laid before his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, respecting the conduct of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales; that these statements not only imputed to her Royal Highness great

impropriety, and indecency of behaviour, but expressly asserted, partly on the ground of certain alleged declarations from the Princess's own mouth, and partly on the personal observations of the informants, the following most important facts, viz. That her Royal Highness had been pregnant in the year 1802, in consequence of an illicit intercourse, and that she had in the same year been secretly delivered of a male child, which child had ever since that period been brought up by her Royal Highness, in her own house, and under her immediate inspection.

"These allegations, thus made, had, as we found, been followed by declarations from other persons, who had not indeed spoken to the important facts of the pregnancy or delivery of her Royal Highness, but had stated other particulars in themselves extremely suspicious, and still more so when connected with the assertions already mentioned. In the painful situation in which his Royal Highness was placed by these communications, we learnt that his Royal Highness had adopted the only course which could, in our judgment, with propriety be followed, when informations such as these had been thus confidently alleged, and particularly alleged, and particularly detailed, and had been in some degree supported by collateral evidence, applying to other points of the same nature (though going to a far less extent), one line could only be pursued. Every sentiment of duty to your Majesty, and of concern for the public welfare, required that these particulars should not be withheld from your Majesty, to whom more particularly belonged the cognizance of a matter of State so nearly touching the honour of your Majesty's Royal Family, and by possibility affecting the succession of your Majesty's Crown. Your Majesty had been pleased, on your part, to view the subject in the same light. Considering it as a matter which in every respect demanded the most immediate investigation, your Majesty had thought fit to commit into our hands the duty of ascertaining, in the first instance, what

degree of credit was due to the informations, and thereby enabling your Majesty to decide what further conduct to adopt concerning them. On this view, therefore, of the matters thus alleged, and of the course hitherto pursued upon them, we deemed it proper, in the first place, to examine those persons in whose declaration the occasion for this inquiry had originated; because, if they, on being examined on oath, had retracted or varied their assertions, all necessity of further investigation might possibly have been precluded. We accordingly first examined on oath the principal informants, Sir John Douglas and Charlotte his wife, who both positively swore, the former to his having observed the fact of the pregnancy of her Royal Highness, and the latter to the all-important particulars contained in her former declaration, and above referred to. Their examinations are annexed to this Report, and are circumstantial and positive.

"The most material of these allegations, into the truth of which we have been directed to inquire, being thus far supported by the oath of the parties from whom they had proceeded, we then felt it to be our duty to follow up the Inquiry by the examination of such other persons as we judged best able to afford us information as to the facts in question. We thought it beyond all doubt, that in the course of inquiry many particulars must be learnt, which would be necessarily conclusive on the truth or falsehood of these declarations: so many persons must have been witnesses to the appearance of an actual existing pregnancy: so many circumstances must have been attendant upon a real delivery: and difficulties so numerous and insurmountable must have been involved in any attempt to account for the infant in question as the child of another woman, if it had been in fact the child of the Princess, that we entertained a full and confident expectation of arriving at complete proof, either in the affirmative or negative, on this part of the subject.

"This expectation was not disappointed. We are

happy to declare our perfect conviction, that there is no foundation whatever for believing that the child now with the Princess of Wales is the child of her Royal Highness, or that she was delivered of any child in the year 1802; nor has any thing appeared to us which would warrant the belief that she was pregnant in that year, or at any other period within the compass of our inquiries. The identity of the child now with the Princess, its parents, age, the place and date of its birth, the time and circumstance of its being first taken under her Royal Highness's protection, are all established by such a concurrence both of positive and circumstantial evidence, as can in our judgment leave no question on this part of the subject. That child was, beyond all doubt, born in Brownlow-street Hospital, on the 11th day of July, 1802, of the body of Sophia Austin, and was first brought to the Princess's house in the month of November following. Neither should we be more warranted in expressing any doubt respecting the alleged pregnancy of the Princess, as stated in the original Declaration, a fact so fully contradicted, and by so many witnesses, to whom, if true, it must in various ways be known, that we cannot think it entitled to the smallest credit. The testimonies on these two points are contained in the annexed Depositions and Letters. We have not partially abstracted in this Report, lest by any unintentional omission we might weaken their effect; but we humbly offer to your Majesty this our clear and unanimous judgment upon them, formed upon full deliberation, and pronounced without hesitation, on the result of the whole Inquiry. We do not, however, feel ourselves at liberty, much as we should wish it, to close our report here. Besides the allegations of the pregnancy and delivery of the Princess, those declarations, on the whole of which your Majesty has been pleased to command us to inquire and report, contain, as we have already remarked, other particulars respecting the conduct of her Royal Highness, such as must, especially consider-

ing her exalted rank and station, necessarily give occasion to very unfavourable interpretations. From the various depositions and proofs annexed to this Report, particularly from the examination of Robert Bidgood, William Cole, Frances Lloyd, and Mrs. Lisle, your Majesty will perceive that several strong circumstances of this description have been positively sworn to by witnesses, who cannot, in our judgement, be suspected of any unfavourable bias, and whose veracity, in this respect, we have seen no ground to question.

On the precise bearing and effect of the facts thus appearing, it is not for us to decide; these we submit to your Majesty's wisdom; but we conceive it to be our duty to report on this part of the Inquiry, as distinctly as on the former facts,—that as on the one hand the facts of pregnancy and delivery are to our minds satisfactorily disproved; so on the other hand we think the circumstances to which we now refer, particularly those stated to have passed between her Royal Highness and Captain Manby, must be credited until they shall receive some decisive contradiction; and, if true, are justly entitled to the most serious consideration. We cannot close this Report without humbly assuring your Majesty that it was on every account our anxious wish to have executed this delicate trust with as little publicity as the nature of the case would possibly allow; and we entreat your Majesty's permission to express our full persuasion, that if this wish has been disappointed, the failure is not imputable to any thing unnecessarily said or done by us, all which is most humbly submitted to your Majesty.

(Signed) " ERSKINE,
" SPENCER,
" GRENVILLE,
" ELLENBOROUGH."

July 14*th*, 1806.

(A true Copy)—" I. BECKET."

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE ACCIDENTS OF HUMAN LIFE, *with Hints for their prevention, or the Removal of their Consequences.* By NEWTON BOSWORTH. *Lackington, Allen, and Co. Finsbury-square.* Price 4s. 6d. with Plates.

Of the numerous publications that yearly issue from the press, perhaps none are more valuable than those that tend to make men better, and more charitable towards their fellow-creatures. Mere works of fancy have their utility, as aiming at amusement and recreation; but the reflecting mind dwells with peculiar satisfaction upon such as enlarge the sphere of human intellect, and ameliorate the heart. As instrumental to so desirable an end, we enter upon Mr. Bosworth's performance with the most favourable impressions.

The design of this little volume (to use the words of the author), is to do something towards the removal of ignorance and prejudice, by communicating to general readers, and especially young persons, such information as the writer had been able to collect on the subject of bodily accidents in general, whether arising from fire, water, journeying, heat, cold, amusements, violent exertion, or other cause; together with the best methods he could think, or read of, for avoiding those accidents, or removing their consequences.

The object of Mr. Bosworth being thus developed, we shall proceed to make such extracts, from the work under review, as appear to us most interesting to our readers; premising, that, to youth of both sexes, and even to adults, the whole may be perused with considerable advantage.

In investigating the accidents that arise from fire, the following remarks demand attention.

"*Suppose you were roused from your sleep with the cry of* "FIRE!" *and were informed, that the house in which you had been sleeping was in flames: how would you act?* You might reply,

"I would leap out of the window, as fast as possible, to save my life." Be not too quick, however, in your decision, lest you "make more haste than good speed," and break your neck in the attempt. As soon as you have received the alarm, *endeavour to collect yourself*, and be *as cool as possible*; otherwise, you may, and without any good reason, expose yourself to as great a danger as that from which you are escaping, and from which a little thought and contrivance may enable you to escape without incurring any other. I do not mean that you should stand still and be burnt; but only that you should consider before you act, and "deliberate," as your copy says, "before you resolve," if it be but half a minute. You would, then, perhaps, proceed in this manner: Having slipped on any part of your clothes which lay at hand, and which would not detain you long, you might peep out at the window, to see or inquire in what direction the flames were acting; you would then judge whether there were any chance of going down as you went up, namely, by the stairs; and, if so, it would be much better thus to escape, than hastily and unnecessarily to expose your limbs or your life, by a leap from the window. If you found it impossible to descend by the stairs you had been examining, there might be other stairs in the house, of which you might avail yourself. Should these, also, disappoint you, it is possible, that by walking upon the leads of the house, or creeping upon the roof, you might reach an adjoining house or other building, and thus be removed from danger, till some means were offered for you to reach the ground. Should all these trials fail, or should it so happen that you have no opportunity of making them, you must, after all, make your exit at the window. But when you have arrived at the spot, do not act without thinking, whatever speed it may be requisite for you to employ. Possibly some kind friend or neighbour may have planted a ladder against your window, to aid your escape, and it would be a great pity to lose the advantage of this, for want of a single look. Should this not be the case, you must consider about letting yourself down. If there be more than one window in the room, or within reach, it will be worth while to enquire which is best adapted for the

purpose. Below *one* may be iron rails or hard stones, and under the *other* a garden, or soft grass: it will take but a moment to decide in this case. Having chosen your window, throw out the bed, if you can conveniently, so as to alight in a place proper to receive you; and then, if you have not a rope-ladder, or a fire-escape, proceed to let yourself down by means of the sheets tied together, and securely fastened either to the window, the bedpost, or any thing else which will prevent them from slipping. You would, of course, be careful to keep such good hold of your sheets, as not to drop from them till you came to their lower end, or touched the ground; the last of which might be done, if the windows were not more than eighteen or twenty feet high. In descending, you would either let the sheets slip through your hands, and thus slide down, as you do from a tree or a ladder; or else, which is, perhaps, preferable, in most cases, you would remove one of your hands, and then the other, alternately lower and lower; and, finally, when you arrived at the end of the lowest sheet, if you could not yet touch the ground, you would either drop, or spring from, your hold, as circumstances or inclination might determine.

"In passing from room to room, where the flames do not prevail to such a degree as actually to endanger life, I have been informed that the London firemen creep along the floor, with their faces as near it as will allow them to move, and in this manner escape suffocation from the smoke and heated air. So expert are they in this practice, that it is said they will pass with ease and safety along many parts of a burning house, which to the spectators appear inaccessible."

To prevent accidents from water, the ensuing observations are no less worthy of notice.

In the first place, *learn to swim*, if you can do it conveniently and safely, and with the approbation of your friends. Secondly, *be very careful where you bathe*, if you can swim ever so well, lest there should be weeds to entangle your feet, or any thing else to endanger your life. Thirdly, *do not expose yourself to danger*, in any way, unnecessarily; whether it be by walking on the

sides of boats, playing on the banks of rivers, sailing in a boat, venturing upon ice, &c. Fourthly, *should you fall into the water*, or by any *other means get out of your depth*, not being able to swim, *preserve your presence of mind, and keep your hands down in the water.* Fifthly, Never venture into cold water, when your body is much heated by exercise. This is an imprudence which has often proved fatal. Sixthly, Never drink cold water, when you are hot; against this practice you are most seriously counselled. In addition to these cautions, the means of restoring life to persons apparently drowned, are discussed in a copious and scientific manner.

Our author in the next place touches upon those sports and exercises incident to youth, which, though productive of much delight, are obviously dangerous; such as the practice of *jumping from high places, bird's-nesting*, &c.; and proceeds to the treatment of those casualties that are in daily occurrence, viz. *wounds, burns, and scalds*, pointing out the most simple and efficacious remedies. Adverting, then, to the particular of *catching cold*, as it is termed, which, when neglected, he justly considers the forerunner and cause of many fatal disorders, we recommend his observations to the reader's remembrance.

"It is not right, in the beginning of a *cold*, to make the room where you sit warmer than usual, to increase the quantity of bed-clothes, to wrap yourself in flannel, or to drink large draughts of piping-hot barley-water, boiled up with raisins, figs, liquorice-root, and the like. This is the right way to make the disorder worse. Perhaps there would be hardly such a thing as a bad cold, if people, when they find it coming on, were to keep cool, to avoid wine and strong drinks, and to confine themselves for a short time to a simple diet, as potatoes or other vegetables, with toast and water."

Such are the leading features of this useful publication, which we dismiss with sensations of extreme pleasure, no less from the hints and reflexions with which it abounds, than the spirit of benevolence and morality that appears to have actuated the author during its composition.

THE MIRROR OF FASHION.

The Dresses invented by Mrs. GREEN.

THE regretted death of the Duchess of Brunswick has caused a suspension of New Costume; and although the Spring Fashions were ready for sale before this melancholy event, yet their public inspection has of course been, and will be, considerably retarded. This Court Mourning, although limited but to two weeks longer, according to etiquette, will probably continue somewhat longer; we have therefore endeavoured to give a dress which may, for durability of colour, and newness of attire, be found an acquisition for the next month.

Morning Dress.—A twilled French silk, or lustring, of Brunswick grey, with epaulettes of the same; the dress made with an apron, and ornamented with black silk trimming down the side, and round the apron; terminating the latter with two acorns, or tassels. This article is made high in the neck, over which is a collar and frill of fine lace. Grey boots, and white gloves.

Afternoon Dress, of white figured lace, body, and skirts, over a white satin robe; the sleeves of white satin, plaited full, and fastened down the centre with pearl buttons; tiara, cestus, and armlet, of virgin gold; white gloves and shoes.

OBSERVATIONS.

The Hair, both in the morning and evening party, is of entire fanciful composition; in some of our *elegantes*, it is yet seen in the style of the Kneller and Lely beauties; but many chuse it, particularly for the morning walk, in natural curls round the neck, or a stray ringlet over the left shoulder. The ridicule has at length resumed its sway; but the *demi botte* is evidently declining.

MORNING and EVENING DRESSES.

for JUNE 1813.

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THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

ODE TO CONTEMPLATION.

O THOU, of solemn placid mien,
That lovest, by the world unseen,
To view with wondering upturn'd eye
The million stars that crowd the sky!
Come, Contemplation, with me stray,
Drive all light follies far away,
And give me, as I look around,
Joys that in Solitude are found;
Such joys as neither Indias' hoard
To sordid natures can afford.
Let me at evening with thee rove
Beside the still and shadowy grove,
Where, as ancient legends tell,
Some heart-affecting scene befel.
Then, as the moon's dim broken light
Bursts here and there upon the sight,
And casts a melancholy hue
On every thing that meets my view,
I'll look with Fancy's wandering eye
Upon the scenes that backward lie;
While each sad object calls to mind
A kindred tale of sombre kind,
And to my raptur'd soul displays
The pictur'd deeds of former days.

Lead me, O heavenly power! with thee
To yonder rock amid the sea;
I'll seat me on its craggy height,
When low'ring clouds hide heav'n from sight,
And hear the thunder shake the skies,
And watch each crimson flash that flies;
And look upon the troubled sea,
That upwards flings its splashing spray,
While by the lightning's horrid sheen
Some shatter'd bark afar is seen;
And Fancy in the gale may hear
The distant shriekings of despair;
Then lifted by the scene sublime,
My soul shall soar from earth and time,
And listen to the voice supreme
That bids th' unkindled lightnings gleam;
Thinking with awe how vast is He
Whose presence fills infinity.
I'll smile at human hopes and fears,
Which every gale destroys or rears,
And fly to seek a safe repose
Where no appalling tempest blows.
Let us at early morn arise,
And view the purpling Eastern skies,
While gradually the increasing light
Scatters the misty shades of night,
Till, in resplendent majesty,
The Sun beams o'er the level sea,
And all the verdant dewy earth
Smiles as 'twere Eden's second birth.
Let tranquil thoughts then fill my breast,
When all around me seems at rest;
Teach me, with transports glowing fire,
Creation's beauties to admire,
And while in wonder rapt I stand,
Teach me to bless the Maker's hand,
Whose power gives to the good and wise,
Ev'n in this world, a Paradise.

R. H. J.

WRITTEN ON

THE DEATH OF THE INFANT SON

OF

THE REV. GEORGE WILKINS,

HADLEIGH, SUFFOLK.

" Ultima semper
Expectanda dies homini est: dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet."

Insatiate monarch! wherefore dost thou chase
The pleasing smile from that once lovely face?
Say, why impede the cordial's healing power;
And thus unkindly pluck the op'ning flower?
Should not sweet innocence thy wrath assuage,
And the insidious wretch thy views engage?
Why not dilapidate the murderer's cell,
And hurl thy vengeance where vile traitors dwell?
Ah! no; thou wilt not; thy uplifted dart
Strikes at the vicious and the perfect heart;
The poor man's cottage, and the throne of kings,
Receive the mandate thy sad visage brings;
With equal force all feel the fatal blow,
And follow thee to sleep in shades below;
A mother's tender wishes cannot save
Her darling infant from a dreary grave.
A seraph waits to wing his soul on high,
To meet his God in realms beyond the sky;
In realms where cherubim exalted raise
The grateful shout, and fill the heav'ns with praise;
Where she may rest secure from all alarms,
And find a home in her Redeemer's arms.
But when th' Archangel's trump shall wake the dead,
And rouse thy victims from their lowly bed,
He'll meet his parents on a happier shore,
And thou shalt snatch him from their arms no more.

W. B. BRANSBY

SONNETS.

How have I lov'd amid the dark'ning grove,
When evening's sombrous shadows crept around;
Musing in pensive thought awhile to rove,
List'ning the deep and melancholy sound
That ever murmur'd as the fitful blast
Sobb'd thro' my woodland haunt!—the rustling trees,
Still as the cloudy night-storm gather'd fast,
Tossing their foliage to the hollow breeze,
Such music made as with unearthly spell
Charm'd my rapt soul in sweet, yet solemn mood;
Now softly moaning like funereal knell,
Or convent's piteous dirge; now thund'ring rude,
Like angry billows, that, with deaf'ning roar,
Foam up the craggy rocks along some distant shore.

OSCAR.

WRITTEN AFTER PERUSING

"*MARY DE CLIFFORD;*"

a Story, by SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES, *Esq.*

Oh! thou wert all my fancy has pourtray'd,
When my rapt spirit silently would rove
To greet the image of some viewless maid,
And dream of beauty, virtue, and of love!
And I had hop'd, by fond enchantment led,
Such seraph soul might breathe in world like this—
Might breathe, perhaps, for me!—now, now are fled
The early visions of romantic bliss;
Or, ling'ring yet, but wake the gushing tear
That falls in vain;—too good thou wast for earth,
Too fair and sweet a flower to blossom here;
And when I seek thy unpolluted worth,
Far, far from hence my mournful thoughts are riv'n—
When I do look for thee, I only look to heav'n!

OSCAR.

TO HEALTH.

Thou lovely nymph, surpassing fair,
With cheek so rosy red;
And shining locks of auburn hair,
Ah! whither art thou fled?
In vain thy cherub smile I woo,
And laughing eye of sapphire hue,
That flings its sportive radiance round;
In vain to chase the weary hour,
To thee the votive strain I pour,
Unheeded is the sound.

Yet once together, hand in hand,
Blythe as the blooming May,
We frolick'd o'er the flow'ry land,
The gayest of the gay.
Ah! then thy wild wreath deck'd my hair,
Thy sunny smile could banish care,
And give the passing hour to joy;
Then brighter beam'd the blushing morn,
Then brighter dew drops gemm'd the thorn,
And brighter shone the day.

Oft o'er the mountain's airy side,
Or thro' the upland grove,
While yet the dawn in orient pride
Her ruddy mantle wove,
Far from the town's tumultuous throng,
My willing feet would bound along;
While in the whisperings of the breeze,
Thy cheerful voice would seem to speak,
Bid opening roses grace my cheek,
And pain and langnor cease.

But thou art flown, and now no more
Those joys serene are mine
Which, bless'd by thee, thou angel power!
Made life, indeed, divine.
Now sickness wakes the anxious sigh,
Now fills with tears my drooping eye,

And casts o'er all her mournful gloom.
I feel, alas! this aching breast
Shall seek in vain the balm of rest,
Save in the silent tomb.

LOUISE.

SONNET.

Mark o'er the distant surge, where cloud-capt waves,
Mingle their terrors with the tempest's roar,
Yon vessel for awhile its fury braves;
Now, sinks o'erwhelm'd, perhaps to rise no more.
Reflection kindles, and the anxious eye
Wanders with vacant gaze thro' the big tear,
And bursting from its seat upheaves the sigh;
When reason seems to whisper in mine ear,—
Frail mourner, check grief's vivid stream, yet know,
Yon bark is man by adverse fortune driv'n,
For treach'rous rocks, and gulphs of bitter woe,
Oft wreck his hopes, and drive him from his haven;
While gently gliding on Youth's placid stream,
He hoped to realize in blissful dream.

J. M. B.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. C. is requested to send the Editor the whole of his story of Second Love, or to complete it in the next number. Mr. Bransby's future correspondence, either in prose or verse, will be acceptable. Where is Agnes? Her poetical effusions were wont to grace our pages. We are disposed to anticipate her favours.—We shall be pleased to hear again from R. H. J. Mr. S. is entitled to our best thanks for his letter; but he will find the subject to which it alludes treated in a manner that can in no wise give offence to the most scrupulous delicacy. Without presuming to dictate to our contributors, we beg leave to remark, that *short moral Tales*, after the manner of those in the "Adventurer," would be esteemed.—Nobody, J. S. M. Altidem, J. M. Lacey, and various other articles, shall speedily appear. Edith requires revision.

ERRATUM IN OUR LAST NUMBER—

Page 219, for *Incipiojoco alipuod*, &c. read *Incipiojoco aliquod*, &c.

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Sir J. Reynolds Pinxt. *H.R. Cook Sculp.*

Mrs LENOX.

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